

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

JULY

BLUE BOLT



Featuring  
**BLUE BOLT**

SUB-ZERO MAN  
SERGEANT SPOOK  
SUPERHORSE  
PHANTOM SUB  
DICK COLE  
RUNAWAY RONSON

And Others

KE Rowland

VOL 1-NO. 2

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# BLUE BOLT

THE LIGHTNING MAN

A young American  
struck by lightning has  
been hurled into the sun-  
baked land of the  
lost or forgotten—where  
heat and power of Detroit—revived man with in-  
jections of radium—has harvested the powers of  
lightning in his body! So was born the Blue Bolt!



By  
Joe Simon

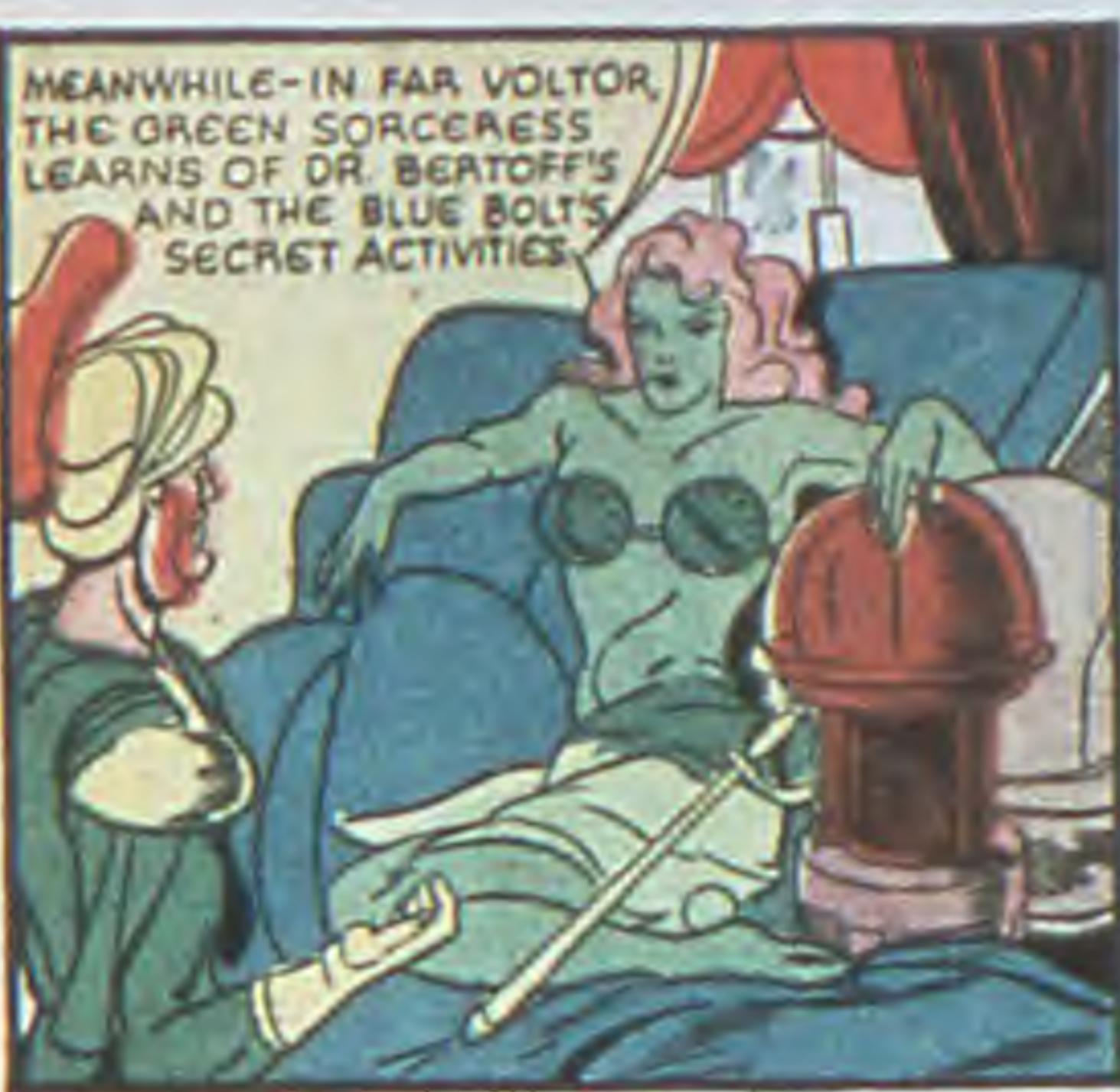
THE CYCOTRON IS MY GREATEST  
ACHIEVEMENT, BLUE  
BOLT.

WHEN IT IS FINALLY COMPLETED, IT WILL  
UNLEASH COUNTLESS TRILLIONS  
OF VOLTS OF PURE ENERGY TO BE  
HURLED AT THE KINGDOM OF THE  
GREEN SORCERESS!

SHE'S CERTAINLY  
A TRICKY WENCH,  
TRAVELING ABOUT  
IN THAT INFERNAL  
GREEN AURA.



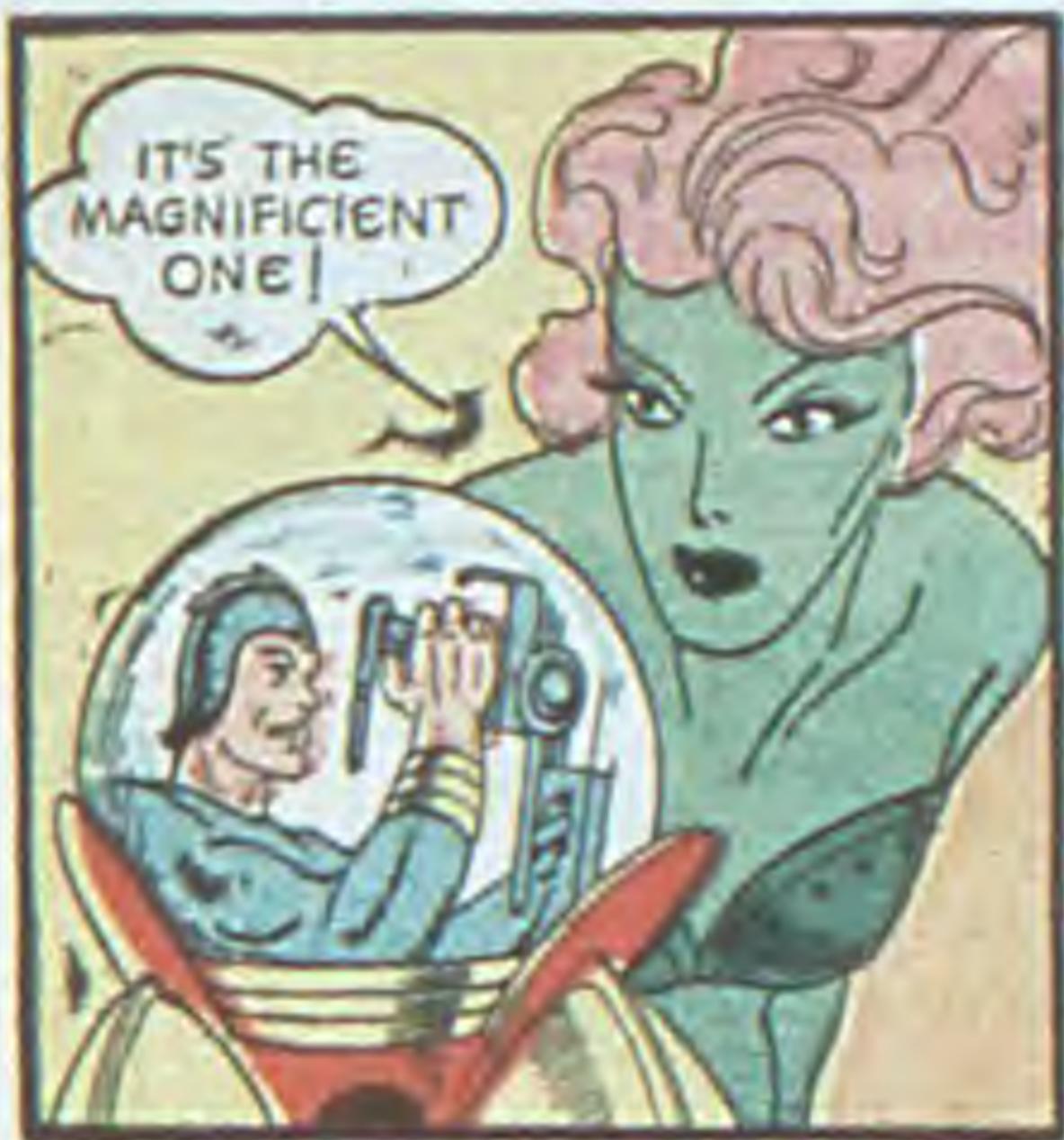
MEANWHILE-IN FAR VOLTOR,  
THE GREEN SORCRESS  
LEARNS OF DR. BEATOFF'S  
AND THE BLUE BOLT'S  
SECRET ACTIVITIES



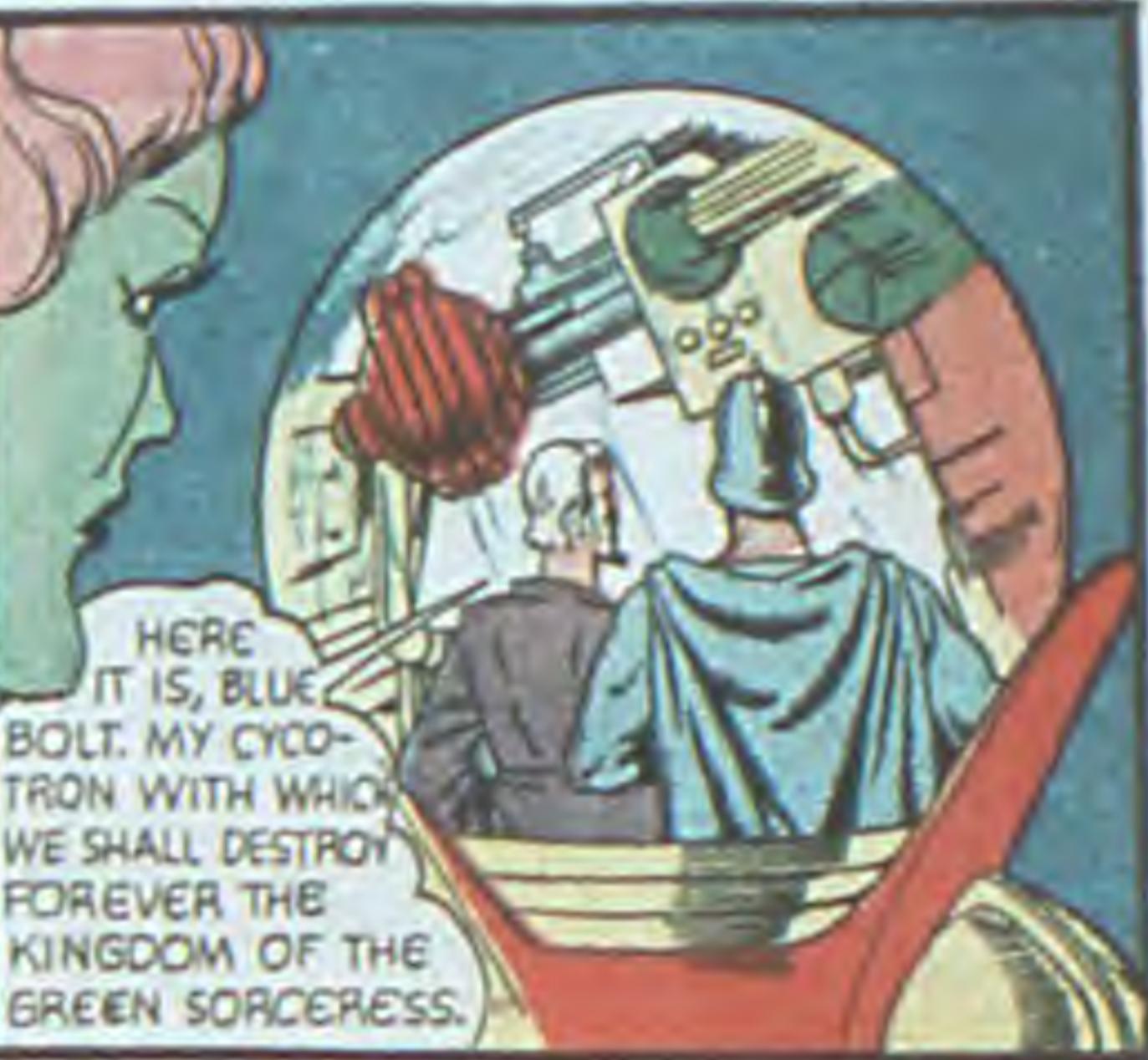
MY TELEVISOR! I  
MUST SEE FOR MYSELF  
IF YOUR REPORT IS  
TRUE.



IT'S THE  
MAGNIFICENT  
ONE!



HERE  
IT IS, BLUE  
BOLT. MY CYC-  
TRON WITH WHICH  
WE SHALL DESTROY  
FOREVER THE  
KINGDOM OF THE  
GREEN SORCRESS.

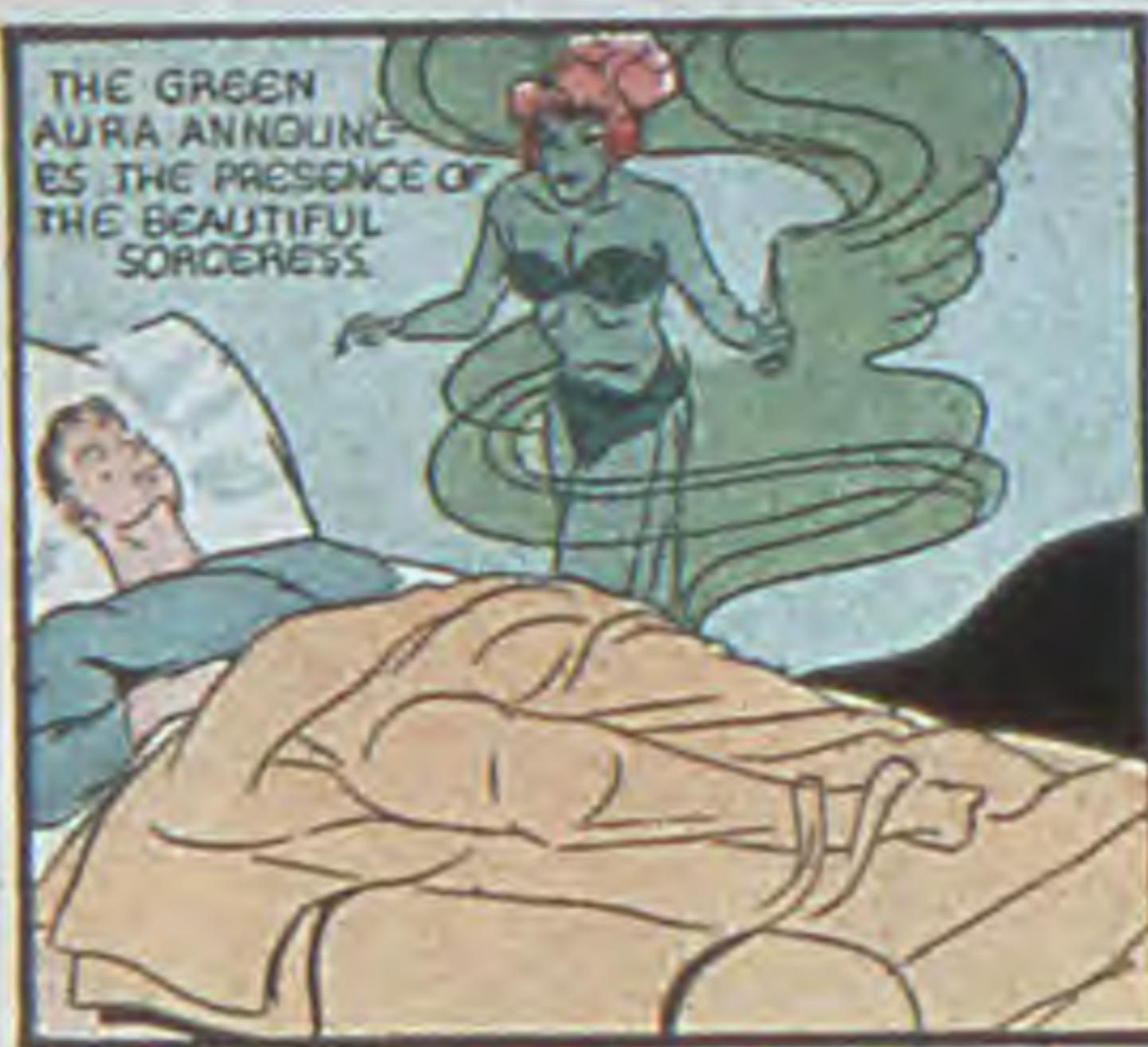


I'LL PAY THEM  
BOTH A VISIT—  
WITH MY  
MAGIC POTION.



BLUE BOLT FINDS THAT EVEN A BODY  
AS POWERFUL AS HIS CAN USE  
EIGHT HOURS OF SLEEP.





DR. BERTOFF ELEVATES HIS CYCOTRON, THE 2,000-TON ELECTRO-BEAM ATOM SMASHER, WITH WHICH HE INTENDS TO DESTROY THE LAND OF THE GREEN SORCERESS.

WHEN IT IS ALL SET UP ON THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, YOU WILL START YOUR EXPEDITIONARY INVASION. THE ATOMIC ENERGY ELEVATOR WILL RAISE IT EASILY.

MAKING CONTACT WITH THE DOCTOR BY MEANS OF HIS PORTABLE MICROPHONE, BLUE BOLT LEADS HIS SQUADRONS TO BATTLE.

CLOSE FORMATION, CAPTAIN. WE'RE NEARING THE LAND OF THE GREEN SORCERESS.

HA! THE FIGHTING IS BEGUN—NOW THE CYCOTRON.

THE CYCOTRON GOES INTO ACTION.

THERE GOES THE RAY—  
GOOD OLE DOC JUST IN TIME.

WHILE IN THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE SORCERESS'S STRONGHOLD, FEVERISH HANDS SET THE SIGNAL TO ARM.

RAID  
GENERAL ALARM

AND THE FOLLOWERS OF THE GREEN SORCERESS ANSWER THE ALARM WITH SHATTERING BURSTS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.



SO! THEY ATTACK! GOOD! THEY PLAY RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!



MICRO-MAGNETIC TOWER? WAIT UNTIL THEY ENTER THE CORRECT MAGNETIC CYCLE, THEN ENERGIZE THE MAGNETS.



IN THE MICRO-MAGNETIC TOWER, THE MAGNO MECHANICS SEE THE ENTIRE BATTLE ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN.



WONDER WHERE DOC'S BEAM IS? DOCTOR BERTOFF—CALLING DOCTOR BERTOFF!



HAH! THEY ARE IN THE MAGNETIC CYCLE! READY-FIRE!

FIRE IF IS, SIR!



WHAT IS IT? THE MOTORS ARE USELESS! WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN!



DRAWN BY THE POWERFUL MAGNET, BLUE BOLT'S WARSHIPS ARE RENDERED HELPLESS—





WEAKENED BY THE CYCOTRON, BLUE BOLT IS THE LAST TO BE DRAWN INTO THE Gaping Crevice



WELL, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



STOP! STOP  
OR I'LL SHOOT!

OH, NO!  
YOU HAVE  
ORDERS TO  
TAKE ME A-  
(LIVE! RIGHT?)



I THOUGHT  
SO!



LIGHTNING DOES  
STRIKE TWICE!



THE GREEN  
AURA!

FOOL!  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
IT'S USELESS TO  
FIGHT!

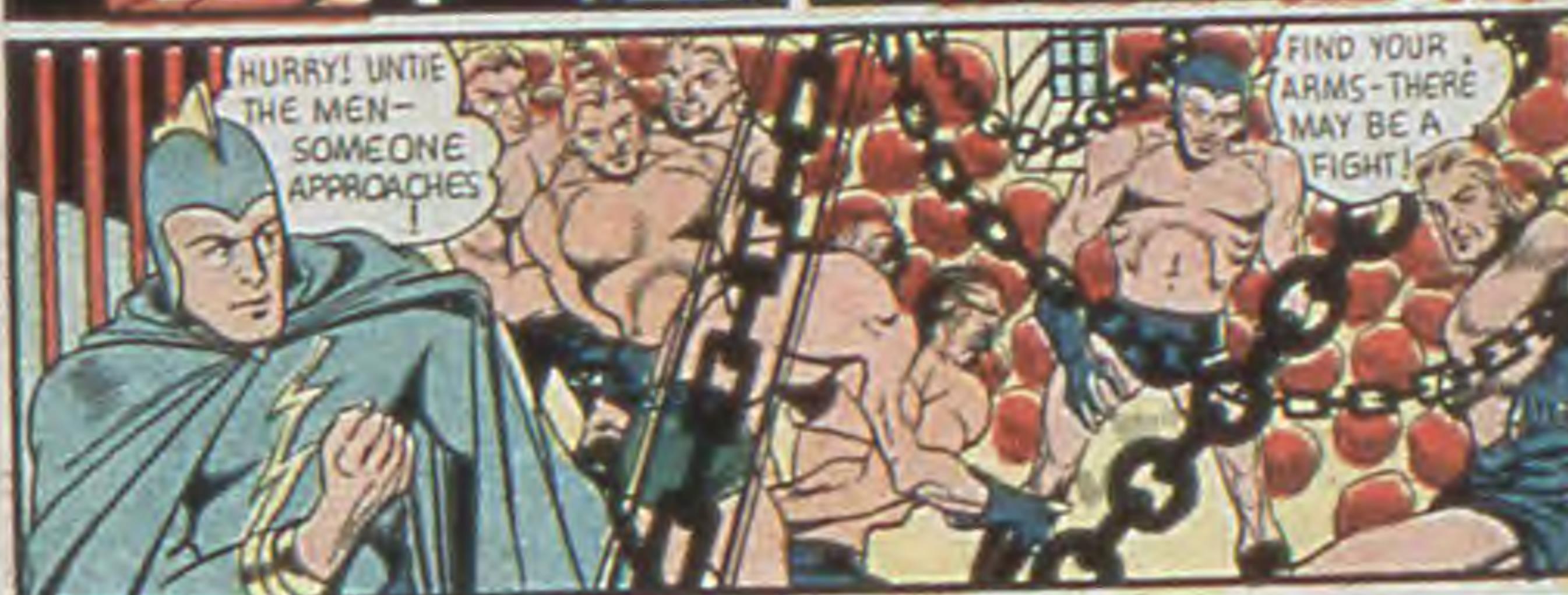
YOU HAVE BUT ONE  
CHANCE... BLUE  
BOLT!

NO! I WILL  
NEVER DESERT DO-  
CTOR BERTOFF!

YOU HAVE DECREED  
YOUR OWN DEATH!  
GUARDS!!  
TAKE HIM TO  
THE  
DUNGEON!



BLUE BOLT IS IMPRISONED IN THE DUNGEON OF DOOM. HE WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE SOFTENING FOOTSTEPS OF THE GUARD.





# DICK COLE

## WONDER BOY

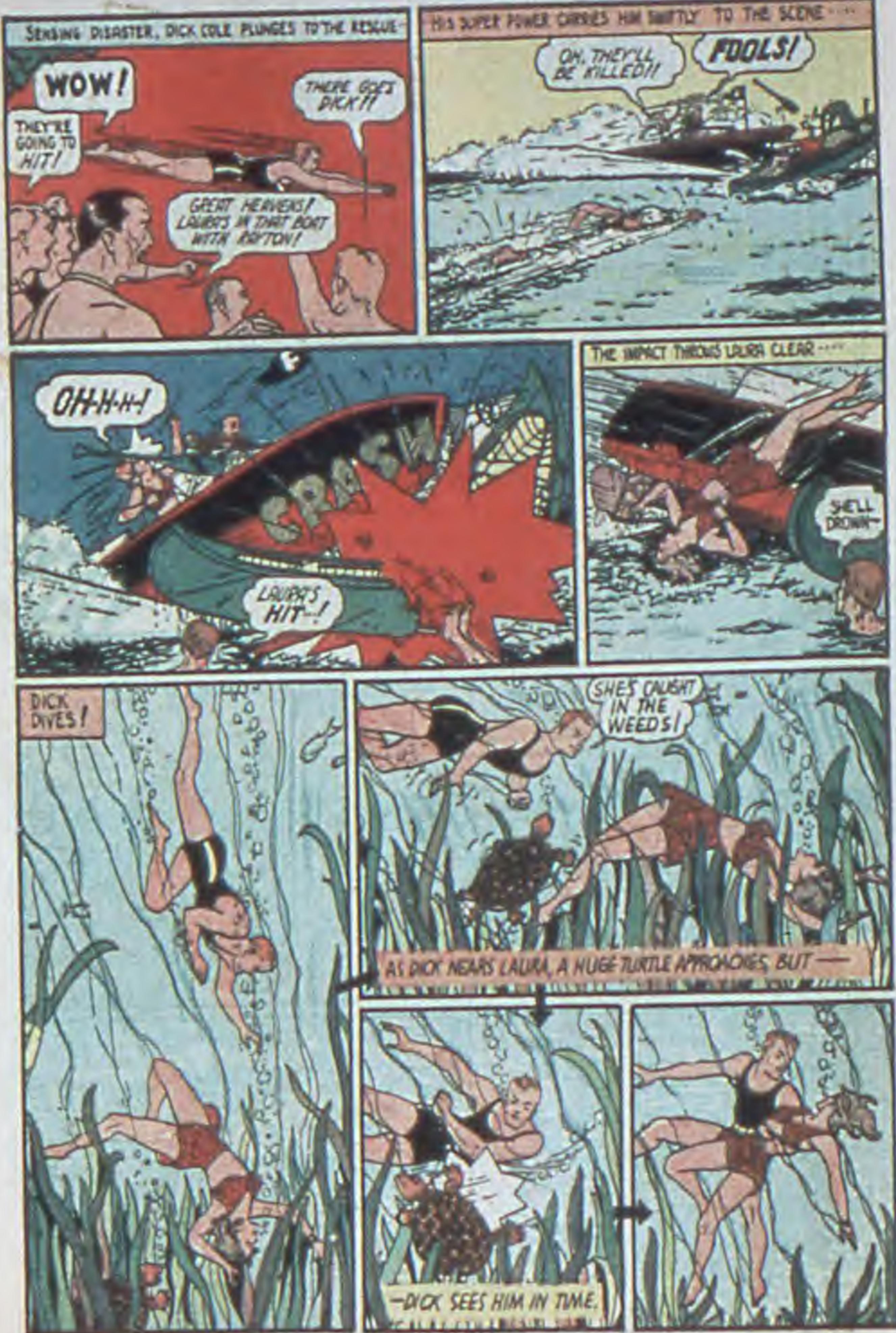
BY Bob Davis

ANOTHER STORY OF DICK COLE - THAT SUPER BOY OF AMERICAN YOUTH - WHOSE AMAZING MENTAL AND PHYSICAL POWERS HAVE BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY DEVELOPED FROM INFANCY, BY HIS ADOPTED FATHER - PROF. BLAIR.



SCENE: ACADEMY LAKE.









AFTER HAVING  
THE EVIDENCE  
AGAINST DICK,  
THE COURT  
ACTS!

CADET COLE, YOU HAVE  
BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF  
ABETTING IN THE THEFT OF  
THE CHAPEL BELL! THE  
COURT DEMANDS THAT YOU  
NAME YOUR ACCOMPLICES!

I CAN ONLY REPEAT, SIR, I  
KNOW NOTHING OF THE AFFAIR,  
INCLUDING THE PRESENCE OF  
MY CAP IN THE BELLFRY.

VERY WELL, SINCE YOU PREFER  
IT, YOU WILL DO SENTRY DUTY  
FOR TWO WEEKS AND SUSPEND  
ALL SOCIAL ACTIVITY. IF THE  
BELL IS NOT RETURNED WITHIN  
THAT TIME, YOU WILL BE  
EXPELLED! — COURT  
DISMISSED!

WITH THE  
BEGINNING OF  
HIS SENTENCE,  
DICK IS FORBIDDEN  
FROM  
ATHLETICS.

WISH THE HELL I COULD  
GET INTO THAT GAME!

EACH DAY  
HE SERVES  
EXTRA SENTRY  
DUTY.

TRUNKS AND  
JEERS FROM  
BRYTON AND HIS PALS  
FOLLOW HIM  
EVERYWHERE.

WELL, WELL, WHERE'S  
THE BELL, TIN-SOLDIER? HA-HA-THAT'S

A HOT ONE! WELL—

EVEN TO THE  
CLASSROOM—

GRANT'S LEFT FLANK, THEN  
SWUNG TO THE —

WELL,  
WELL,  
WHERE—

THE DAY'S PASS QUICKLY, AND  
STILL THE BELL IS MISSING.

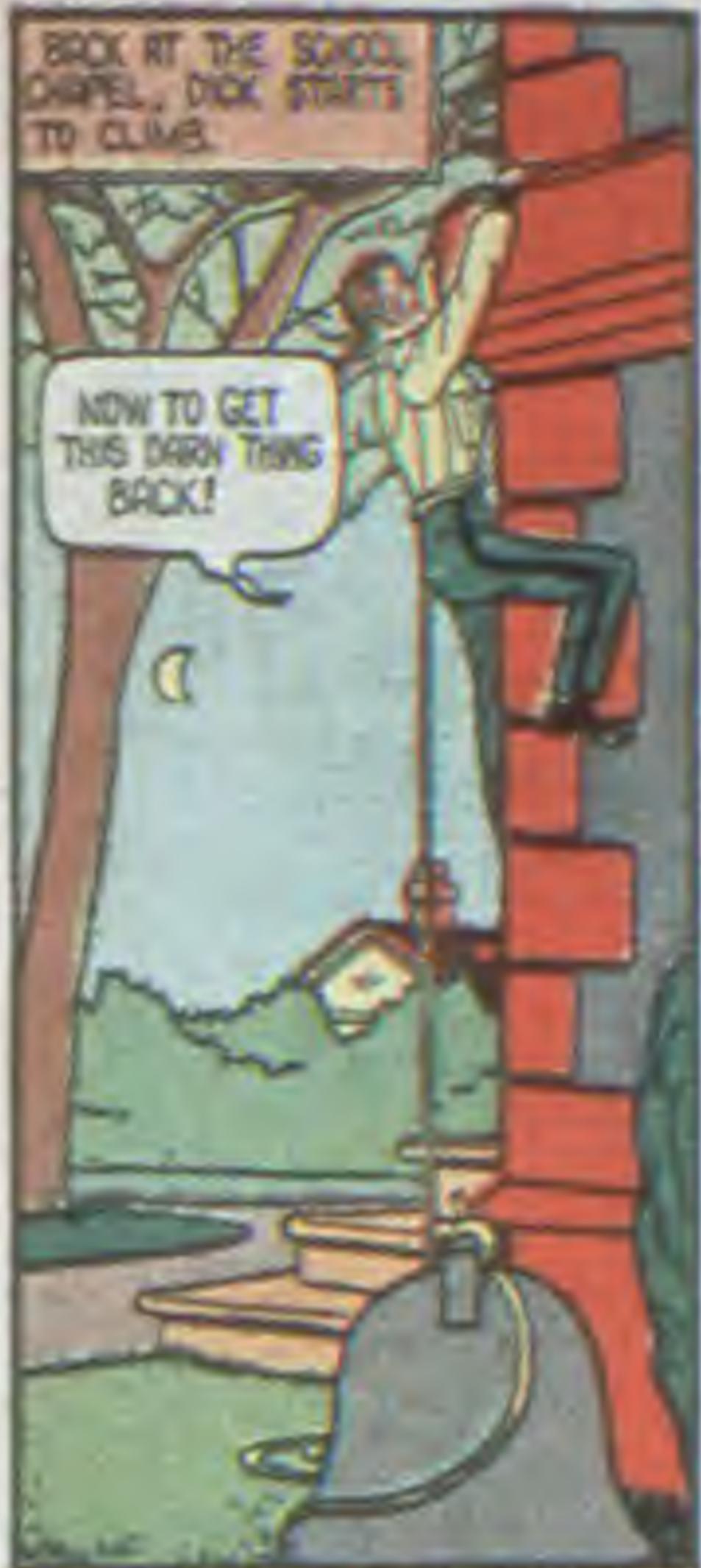
ONE MORE DAY AND I'LL  
BE EXPELLED! — WELL,  
WELL, WHERE'S THE  
BELL? WELL—WELL—  
SAY—

IT'S ONLY  
A HUNCH  
BUT—

IT'S WORTH A  
CHANGE — WELL, WELL,  
IT WAS A LAME GAG, BUT  
IT MAY BE A GOOD  
CLUE —







ANOTHER WONDER BOY STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!

# THE



By LARRY ANTOINETTE

FROM THE PLANET VENUS AN EXPEDITION TRIES TO REACH THE EARTH... IN A CRASH WITH A FROZEN ASTROID ALL THE VENUSIANS ARE FROZEN TO DEATH. BUT ONE MAN... THE SUB-ZERO MAN...



SURVIVING THE SEVERE COLD HE REACHES THE EARTH SAFELY, BUT HE NOW HAS A SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE AND FROZES EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES...



HE FINDS THAT, BY USE OF AN ATOMIC-RAY GUN, HE CAN CONTROL HIS UNICANNY ABILITY OF FREEZING OBJECTS.



HE IS CAUGHT AND HELD A PRISONER, BUT ESCAPES BY MEANS OF HIS STRANGE FREEZING POWERS...



THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS LOOKING FOR HIM, NOT KNOWING WHAT THIS UNUSUAL MAN MAY BE UP TO...



SO NOW, FRIENDLESS AND LOST ON EARTH, SUB-ZERO IS HEADING FOR THE SNOW-CAPPED ROCKIES, WHICH SEEM TO REMIND HIM OF HIS VENUSIAN HOME WHEN...







A CRASH IS IMMINENT...

W-WE'RE  
GOING TO CRASH.  
WE CAN'T STOP  
IT!



...BUT SUB-ZERO THROWS  
AN ICY BLAST AT THE ON-  
COMING BUS...



...AND THE BRAKES FREEZE SOLID.



HEY, DRIVER,  
IT'S THE SUB-ZERO  
MAN!



AND TO THINK I  
NEVER GUESSED  
WHO HE WAS!

HE CERTAINLY  
SAVED ALL THOSE  
CHILDREN FROM A  
SURE DEATH!

PERHAPS HE  
DID IT JUST TO  
SAVE HIMSELF!

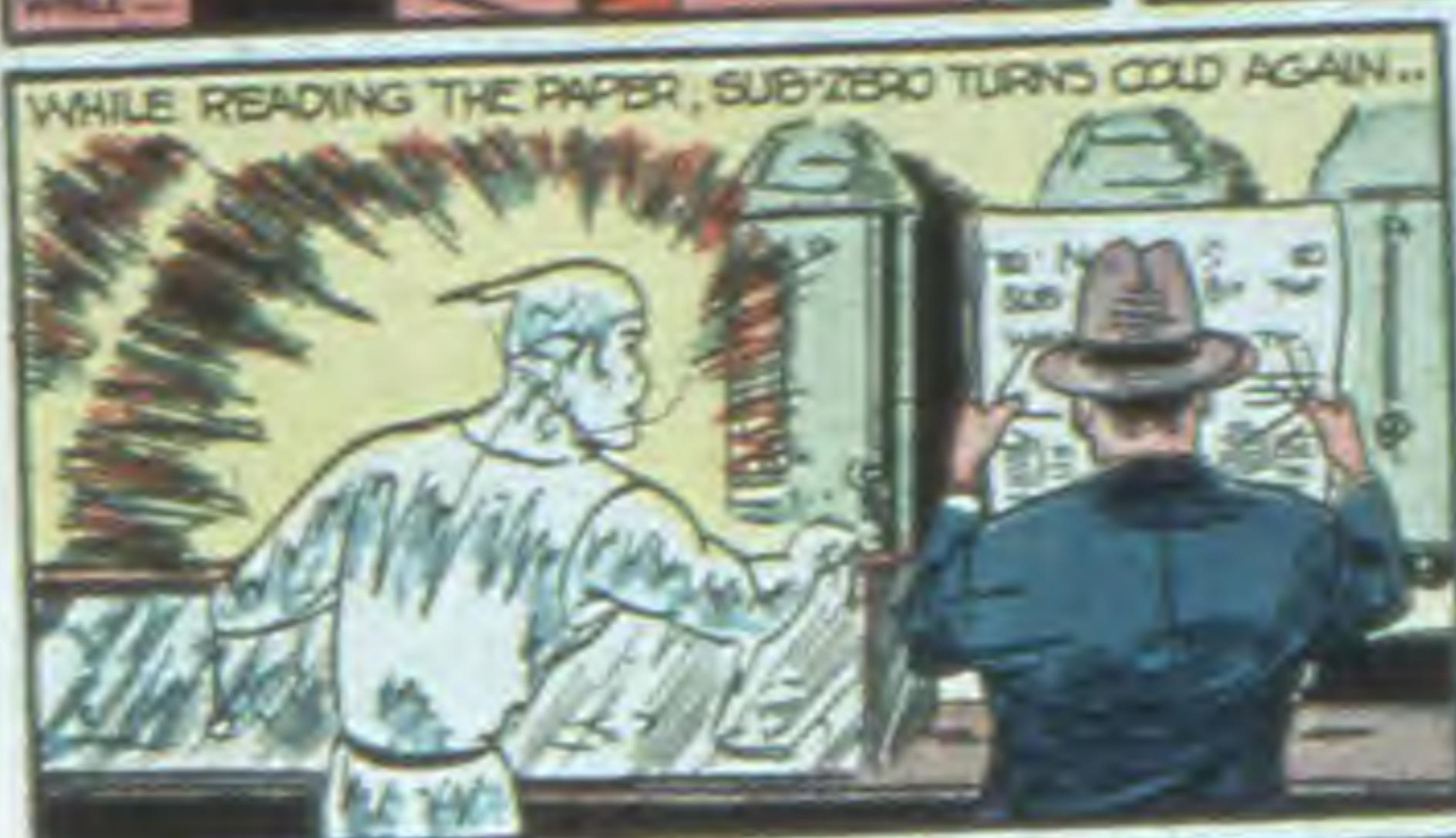
SURE,  
THAT'S IT, HE WAS  
JUST AFRAID OF  
HIS OWN SKIN!



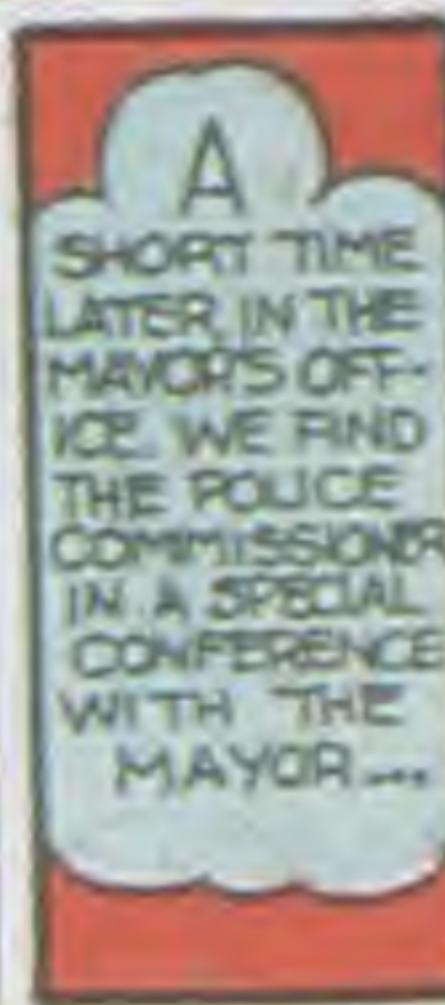
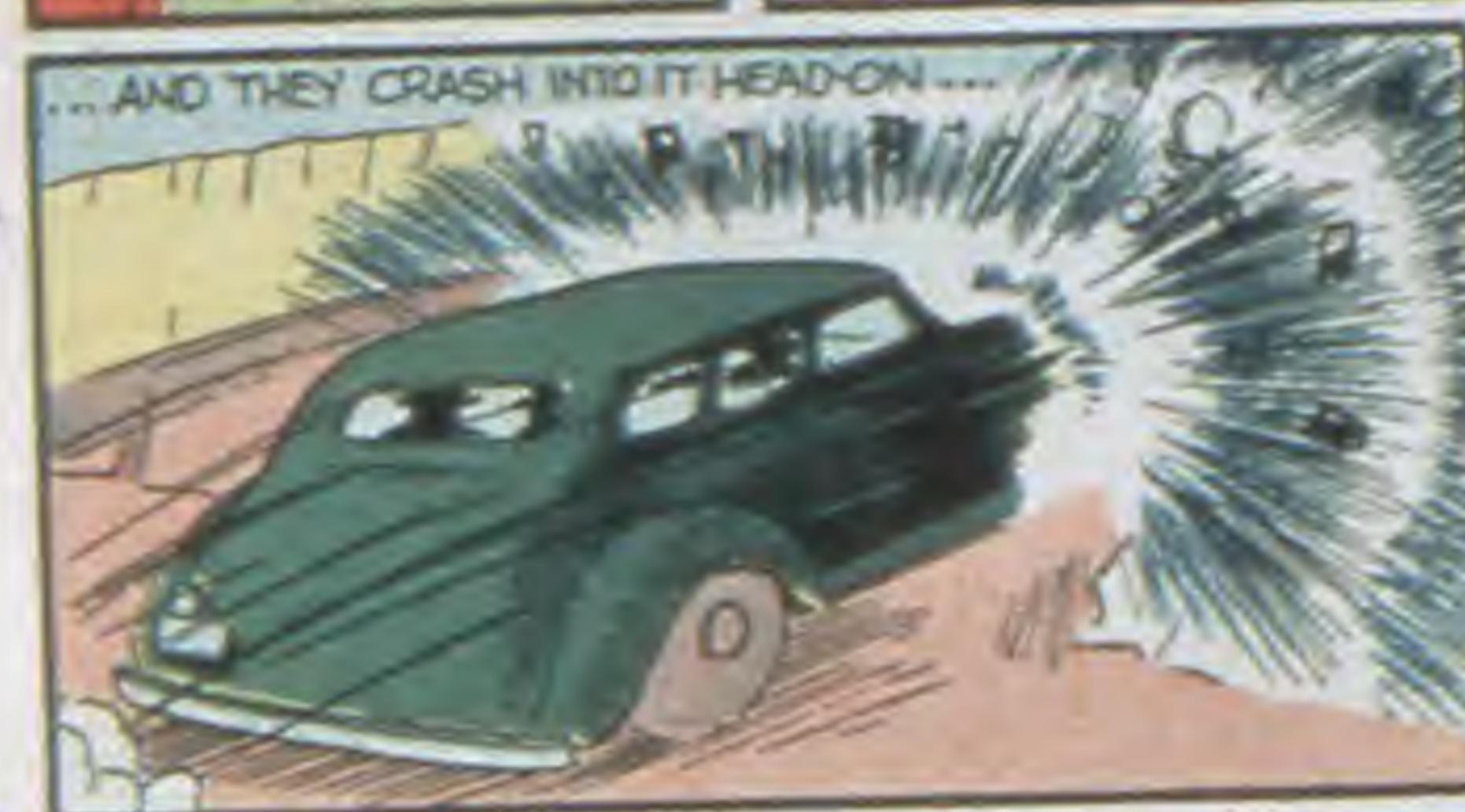
SUB-ZERO RACES AWAY...

THEY'RE NOT  
GETTING ME -  
YET!









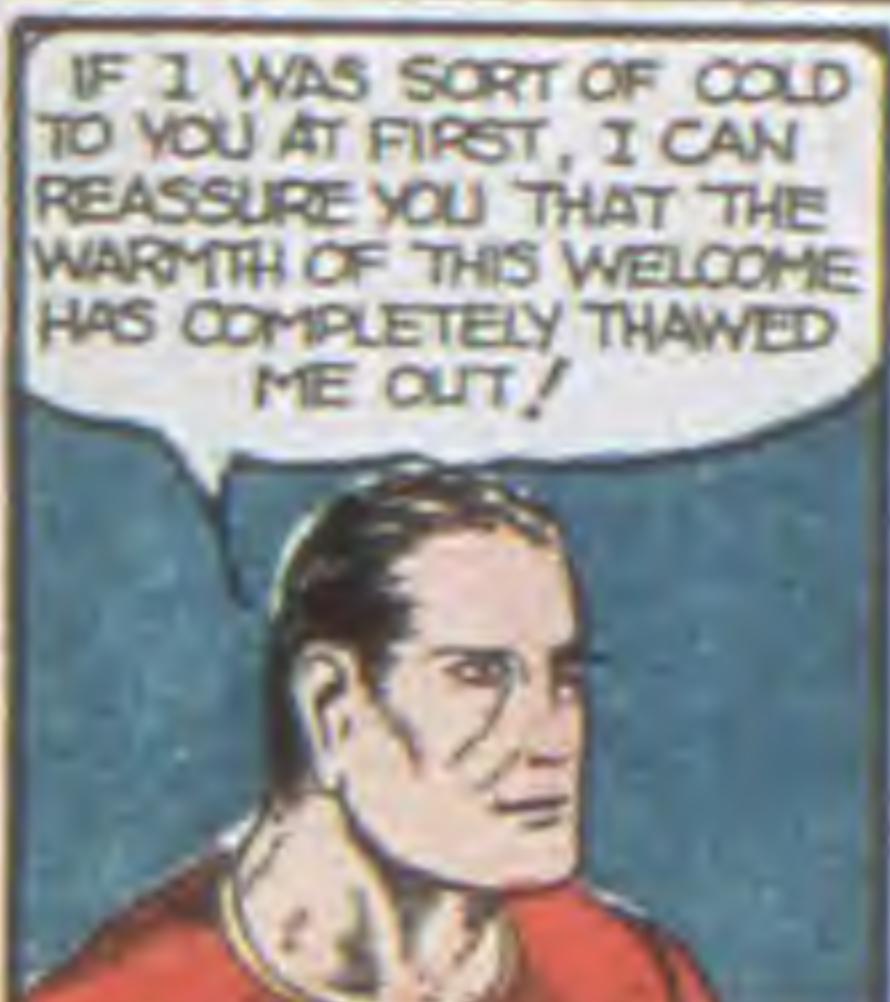




WITH A WAVE OF HIS ICY HAND, SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE WALL OF LAVA SOLID AND STOPS IT'S DESTRUCTIVE FLOW...

LOOK... THE LAVA'S STOPPED AND IT HAS TURNED COLD!

IT'S THE SUB-ZERO MAN AND HE'S SAVED OUR CITY!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THIS AMAZING CHARACTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**

# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

by KLE

"NATHAN MALE" SAID OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TO HIS PAL JOE, "IS ONE OF OUR GREATEST HEROES. I'LL TELL YE HIS STORY."



"THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION FOUND YOUNG NATHAN TEACHIN' SCHOOL, BUT HE SOON GAVE UP HIS CLASSES TO ENTER THE CONTINENTAL ARMY."



"TO AID THE CAUSE, HE ENLISTED IN THE DANGEROUS SECRET SERVICE, DROPPING HIS UNIFORM TO BECOME A SPY!"



"NATHAN WENT TO LONG ISLAND TO GET CERTAIN IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR WASHINGTON."



"WHILE WAITING FOR A BOATMAN TO TAKE HIM TO NEW YORK NATHAN WAS RECOGNIZED BY A TORY."



"AS HE WAS ABOUT TO ESCAPE ACROSS THE SOUND HE WAS ARRESTED AND—"



"—TAKEN BEFORE LORD HOWE, WHERE HE WAS CONDEMNED AS A SPY."



"HE SPENT HIS LAST HOURS WRITING TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER."



"BUT HIS LETTERS WERE DESTROYED BEFORE HIS EYES—AND HE WAS REFUSED A CLERGYMAN."



"NATHAN MET HIS FATE WITHOUT FEAR. ASKED BY HIS GUARDS WHETHER HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY, HE REPLIED IN THESE IMMORTAL WORDS:



"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY!"

# THE WHITE RIDER AND HIS **SUPER HORSE**

ANOTHER STORY OF THE WHITE RIDER, GRIM AVENGER OF WRONGS, AND HIS AMAZING HORSE, CLOUD, THE ANIMAL OF SUPER POWER AND INTELLIGENCE BORN IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE PULL OF GRAVITY IS GREAT. SUPER-HORSE BECOMES A WONDER ANIMAL OUT OF THE CANYON UNDER NORMAL GRAVITY. THESE POWERS THE WHITE RIDER HAS DEDICATED TO THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED.



WITH A BURST OF TERRIFIC SPEED,  
SUPER HORSE RACES IN PURSUIT AND—



AS HE DRAWS ALONGSIDE, THE  
WHITE RIDER LEAPS.



OFF!



HE'S OUT—  
CLOUD!



CLOUD LEAPS ON AHEAD—  
OVERTAKING THE GIRL'S HORSE



HE GRABS THE REINS IN  
HIS TEETH AND—



—WITH A MIGHTY TUG, BRINGS HIM TO A HALT.



THE WHITE RIDER HURRIES  
TO THE GIRL'S SIDE.

YOU'RE SAFE  
NOW!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
SIT DOWN AND TELL  
ME YOUR  
TROUBLE







AND RUBS HIS SADDLE AGAINST A PIECE OF TIMBER FROM WHICH A SPIKE STICKS OUT.



AFTER MANY MINUTES OF EFFORT, SUPER HORSE DISLODGES THE ROPE FROM THE SADDLE HORN.



THEN, PICKING UP THE COIL, HE DROPS IT INTO THE PIT.



THE WHITE RIDER TIES THE ROPE AROUND DOROTHY'S WAIST.



SUPER HORSE BRACES RUBS AT THE ROPE, AND—



DRAGS THE CAPTIVES OUT OF THE PIT.



SAFE! THANK HEAVEN!



YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, DODD!



NOW TO GET THOSE BANDITS!



THEY MUST BE IN THAT CABIN. YOU WAIT HERE! I'M GOING AFTER THEM!



THE WHITE RIDER MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CABIN.





ANOTHER STORY OF THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER-HORSE IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF—  
BLUE BOLT

# POXY TRACKS

LOCO LUKE AND SNOOZER,  
TWO RAMBLIN' RAMMYS  
ARE OUT TO SEE THE  
WORLD — THEY HAVE  
JUST RIDDEN OUT OF  
A RANGE WAR AND  
ARE NOW —



UH-HUH - THERE  
STTS A LARGE  
BUNCH OF TROUBLE  
AND GRIEF - FOR  
US, I CAN SEE IT  
COMING.

HOW! HOW! BE YOU  
BOGGED DOWN IN GRIEF  
AND MISERY? MAYBE  
WE CAN HELP YOU!  
QUIEN SABE?

UGH / MY POOR LITTLE WILD  
FLOWER, SHE GONE, MAYBE-  
SO I NO SEE HER ANYMORE.

'S-ZAT SO? WELL THAT'S  
JUST TO DAH-GOND BAD!  
ME AND MY PARD WILL  
FIND HER  
FOR YOU.

HE'S LOST HIS SQUAW, POOR  
FELLER. I TOLD HIM WE'D  
FIND HER, GOOD BOY SCOUTS-  
THAT'S US.

HEH/HEH/PALE FACE HEAP  
FOOL THEY HELP TURKEY TAIL  
FIND SQUAW. HEH! HEH!

WE'LL FOLLOW THAT  
TRAIL, WE'LL FOLLOW  
HIM, MAYBE WE  
CAN HELP POOR  
FELLER.

BR-R-R - THIS WATER IS COLD  
AND MIGHTY SWIFT, YOU ARE  
THE CAUSE OF THIS YOU-YOU-

YOU'RE ALWAYS HORNIN' INTO  
OTHER PEOPLES AFFAIRS AND  
SETTIN' US RIGHT DOWN INTO-

THE MIDDLE OF A LARGE  
BUNCH OF GRIEF.



PALE FACE SAY "NO CAN  
DO" TURKEY TAIL SAY  
"CAN DO" YOU  
WATCH  
EM.

IF YOU THINK I'M GOIN' DOWN  
BELOW AND PICK UP  
THE PIECES - WHY  
YOUR WRONG - HE'S  
JUST PLAIN BUZZARD  
MEAT RIGHT NOW!

TWO BITS HE DON'T MAKE IT.  
FOUR BITS HE DOES.

SIX-BITS HE DROPS.

A BUCK HE MAKES IT.

YOU WIN.

CRACK

WELL THAT'S THAT.  
COME AND LES RATTLE  
OUR HOCKS OUTA  
HERE.

SHAKE OUT A LOOP.  
THE STAMPEDE IS  
OVER - WELL HAWL  
HIM UP NOW!

CATCHEM ROPE PRETTY QUICK  
NOW OR TURKEY TAIL GO LONG  
HAPPY HUNTN' GROUND PLENTY  
FRONTO.

ALL TOGETHER — HO-HE-PULL — NOW ALL TOGETHER —  
HO-HE-PULL, HE'S COMIN'.

GLUB - GUB - UG - //



WILD FLOWER NO DOWN  
THERE IN HOLE



MAYBESO YOU GOTEM LONG-  
WAY-OFF PEEP-HOLE SEE-EM-  
GLASS TURKEY TAIL  
CATCHEM LOOK-SEE!



UGH /  
UGH /

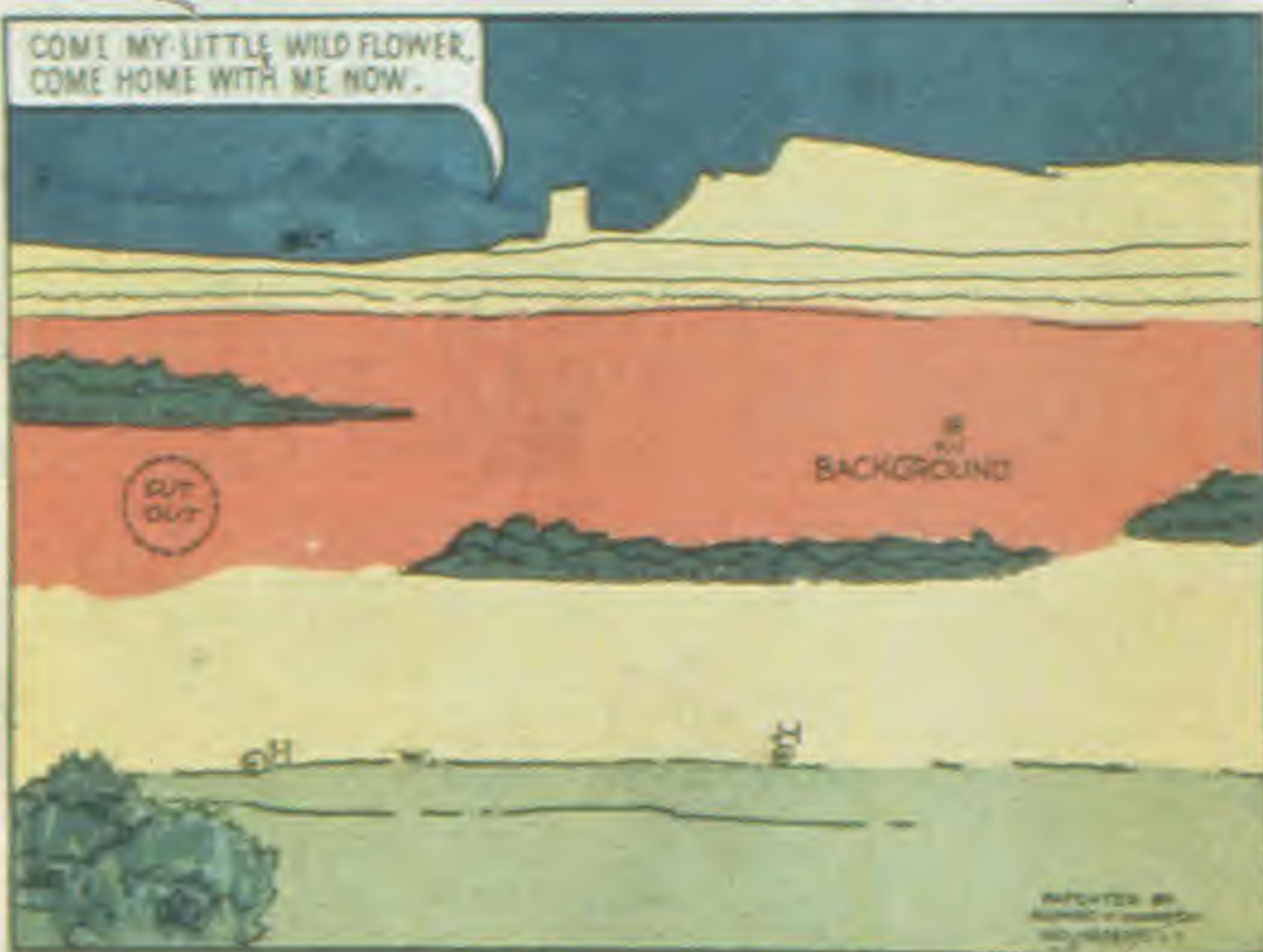
**UGH!**



THERE SHE IS - THERE IS  
MY LITTLE WILD FLOWER...



COME MY LITTLE WILD FLOWER,  
COME HOME WITH ME NOW.



PRINTED IN  
AMERICA BY  
THE HERALD-TRIBUNE

THAT INJUN MUST HAVE FOUND HIS SQUAW THROUGH THIS SPY GLASS.



WHY THAT BLINNY-BLANK LITTLE SO AND SO, THE LOW-DOWN KNOCKED KNEED BOW-LEGGED CROSS-EYED SON OF A HORND TOAD, I'LL-



I'M GONNA GUN-WHIP THAT MANGY STRING-HALTED PIECE OF MULE MEAT!



AND US HELPIN' HIM HUNT HIS SQUAW - JUST TAKE A LOOK AT HIS LITTLE WILD FLOWERS.



JACK A WARREN'S  
**ANIMATED**  
CUT-OUT  
CARTOON

DIRECTIONS.—  
CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE, AND WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE, WITH LUMBER CEMENT OR PASTE MOUNT THEM ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. CUT OUT HOLE IN BACKGROUND, CUT OUT WORKING PARTS. TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AT END, SEW THROUGH AT POINT A, TO B-C, KNOT THREAD OR GLOSE. CUT THREAD—REPEAT AT B TO C-D, TO C-E, TO D-F, TO D-G, TO E-F, TO F-G, G TO G-H, SEW THROUGH TO H, KNOT THREAD, LEAVE ABOUT 2 INCHES OF THREAD, SEW POINT I, TO J, ON BACKGROUND, J TO J-I, KNOT I, TO I-J, PULL THREAD AT H, THROUGH LARGE HOLE IN BACKGROUND, TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.

## WORKING PARTS



# SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH

by Stockbridge Winslow



## Synopsis of last month's Instalment:-

Because everything he did seemed to cause trouble and suffering, Sub Zero, the man from Venus, decided to go up near the North Pole where he would be alone. There he could decide what he would do on Earth. On the way he fell asleep on a field of ice and awoke to see a whaling steamer crashing through the ice towards him. The cannon on the bow was fired and a harpoon was winding towards his heart but he was too dazed to think or to act.

## PART II

**S**UDDENLY realizing his danger, Sub Zero thrust his right arm out in front of him and a wall of ice like a plate of flawless glass formed a few feet from his body. The steel barb of the harpoon bit deep into the ice and white cracks laced out in all directions like a giant spider's web.

Sub Zero struggled to his feet. He had no quarrel with the whalers, so without a backward glance he hurried away.

He had travelled several hours when he noticed a line of black dots on the ice. He approached and found a string of dogs, a sled, and a man almost completely covered with snow.

Knowing that if life did exist

"Look out!" the man shouted. Sub-Zero whirled, and stared up into the slavering jaws of the white monster from the north!

In the man or the dogs it would be snuffed out if he touched them, Sub Zero paused and pulled out his atom gun. He discharged the ray into his body and his temperature became normal. He could now handle men and animals with safety.

Every dog was frozen stiff, but the man's heavy furs had protected him. Sub Zero worked over the unconscious figure for half an hour and was finally rewarded with a low moan. During this period he was obliged to discharge the atom gun into his body several times in order to prevent the cold from returning.

"My partner, my partner!" murmured the half-frozen man.

"Where is he?"

"In our shack—sick. I had to go for supplies. I got 'em, but I'll never get through."

"Yes we will," Sub Zero assured him. "Just keep warm on the sled and I'll pull you over the ice faster than any dog team you've got."

Sub Zero cut away the dogs and fashioned the stiff leather straps into a harness that he could slip over his broad shoulders. Satisfying himself that the man was warm and comfortable, he started off.

About an hour later the man suddenly flung aside the furs and yelled.

"What is it?" demanded Sub Zero.

"Open water ahead—two miles of it! She's freezing up late this year!"

"Don't worry until we get there."

**S**UB ZERO paused only an instant when he reached the open water. His right hand swung in an underhand curve as though he were bowling, and the cold blast from his body skipped over the surface of the water, freezing it solid. While the man howled in amazement, Sub Zero stepped out on the glassy surface and began to sprint, dragging the heavily laden sled behind him.

They intended to travel all night but a terrific blizzard blew up and the visibility became poor. Finally, the flakes were so thick that they seemed like a solid wall of white.

Sub Zero quickly constructed an igloo of ice around the sled and its occupant.

"Come on in," shouted the man. "I'll light the stove. It'll keep us warm."

"I'll stay out here," replied Sub Zero. Sinking to the ground, he curled up like an animal to sleep.

The snow continued to whirl around him, completely burying his body. But instead of remaining soft and light, the extreme cold from the man from Venus turned it to ice. Layer upon layer froze around him.

When he awoke he could not move. He forced his eyes open but there was nothing but blackness. Wiggling a finger he encountered ice. It was the cold of his body against the cold of the ice. He was trapped alive in a frozen coffin of his own making!

His muscles tightened and from every pore in his body streamed cold—cold far more extreme than any scientist had ever dreamed of. The ice was like a living thing as it contracted and suddenly shattered into thousands of tiny chips with a loud crack.

Sub Zero climbed out of the heap of ice fragments and looked up at gray sky. An occasional snowflake fluttered down. The wind had died completely.

Sub Zero pointed at the igloo with his finger and it split open like a dropped watermelon. The man awakened with a start. "What happened?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"Nothing to worry about. Get yourself and your things on the sled, we're going on."

They had travelled half a day when the going began to get difficult. Huge ice hummocks jutted up before them and it was necessary for Sub Zero to blast them to pieces with cold force. Or, if they were too dense, to scramble over them. The man insisted that he was feeling better and did not want to be pulled on a sled any longer. In spite of Sub Zero's protests, he hurried on ahead, anxious to reach the side of his ailing partner.

**T**HEY had reached a particularly dangerous area, a spot where terrific forces had caused the ice to break and buckle. Sharp, jagged slabs of ice jutted skyward, and all around were deep, ragged holes.

The man was a bouncing ball of fur up ahead and Sub Zero watched him anxiously. Suddenly he yelled and disappeared.

Pausing only to shrug out of the harness and fire the atom gun into his body, Sub Zero leaped forward. Peering down from an ice peak he saw a crumpled figure in the bottom of a hole.

Since his body was at normal temperature, Sub Zero had the powers of an ordinary man. He lowered himself into the hole and, slinging the man over his back, carried him to the sled.

"My leg! My leg!" moaned the injured man.

"I'm afraid it's broken!" said Sub Zero. "But I'll be able to set it."

"What about a splint?"

"Stop worrying!" snapped the man from Venus as he deftly packed snow around the leg.

When he had fashioned a cast of snow he carried it away and waited for the cold to stream back into his body. Then he froze the snow as solidly as a piece of steel. Then he fired the atom gun into his body again and returned to the man.

"I'll wrap the leg in the furs and then put the cast on," said Sub Zero, as his fingers worked swiftly. "The cold will numb the pain, and if we haven't far to go, there shouldn't be any danger."

There was no answer, and Sub Zero looked up sharply. The man's eyes were bulging as he stared at something over Sub Zero's shoulder.

"Look out!" he shouted, his voice a hoarse squeak.

Sub Zero rose and whirled around in one motion. Perched on the ice above him was a tremendous polar bear. Before he could move, the animal leaped and struck him in the chest. Both went down with a crash on the ice.

Sub Zero was powerless. His body was at normal temperature and the gaping, slavering jaws of the bear were poised above his throat.

**WILL SUB ZERO BE ABLE  
TO ESCAPE DEATH  
THIS TIME?**

Continue this exciting story in the next issue of *Blue Bolt*



STEAM ENGINEER

# Runaway Pioneer

By Paul Gammie

ENGINEERED BY RUNAWAY RONSON, THE SUPER STREAMLINER THUNDERS OVER THE RAILS AT A SPEED WHERE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION WOULD FACE IT, SHOULD ANYTHING OBSTRUCT ITS COURSE.

IN THE CAB OF THE STREAMLINER

WE'RE COMING TO YOU MEAN  
THE ONLY SPOT WHERE THE  
I DON'T LIKE OVERPASS IS  
ABOUT THIS  
RUN, PAT!



YES... IF ANYTHING SHOULD  
HAPPEN TO FALL ACROSS THE  
TRACKS WE'D PROBABLY  
JUMP AND KILL  
EVERYONE  
ABOARD!



CATASTROPHE SUDDENLY LOOKS IN  
FRONT OF THE SUPER STREAMLINER.  
A HEAVY TRUCK FALLS OVER THE  
EMBANKMENT ON THE TRACKS.

HERE IT IS!  
I HAD A FEELING  
SOMETHING WOULD  
HAPPEN AROUND  
HERE SOME  
DAY!

RUNAWAY.  
WE'LL CRACK  
UP! WE'LL  
BE  
KILLED!

PAT... DON'T LOSE  
YOUR HEAD... WE  
HAVE TO DO  
SOMETHING...  
AND FAST,  
TOO!

B-BUT  
WHAT?

GET TO THOSE EMERGENCY  
BRAKES... HURRY!

ALL RIGHT

THEY'RE AS TIGHT  
AS THEY CAN  
BE!

RUNAWAY... THE SPEED'S  
TOO GREAT... WE'RE  
NOT STOPPING  
FAST  
ENOUGH!

HOLD  
TIGHT... WE  
MAY STILL  
GET OUT OF  
THIS...

LIKE A  
STREAMLINED  
DYE'S FOR  
THE  
SWITCH  
CONTROLLING  
THE  
SPEED  
OF  
THE  
GYRO-  
STABILIZERS  
FOR  
THE MOTORS

THIS MAY HELP  
US... I HOPE!

IN A DEAFENING ROAR, THE  
SUPER STREAMLINER STRIKES  
THE HEAVY TRUCK CRUMBLING  
IT INTO A MASS OF TWISTED  
STEEL.

THE SUPER STREAMLINER  
BEGINS TO LEAN SIDEWAYS

IN AN ATTEMPT TO STRAIGHTEN  
OUT THE STREAMLINER RUNAWAY  
CUTS THE SPEED OF THE GYRO-  
STABILIZERS, AND THEN THROWS  
IT INTO FULL SPEED AGAIN...



THE  
SUDEN  
CHANGE  
THROWS  
THE  
TRAIN  
LEANING  
TOWARD  
THE  
OTHER  
SIDE  
OF  
THE  
TRACK  
!



PAT... WE MADE IT... WE'RE  
NOT ROCKING AS MUCH AS  
BEFORE... WE'RE STILL  
ON THE TRACKS!





THE SUPER STREAMLINER COMES TO A STOP AND RUNAWAY CHECKS THE LOWER CARROTS





IN A SHOWER OF GLASS, RUNAWAY CRASHES INTO THE COACH  
BARELY A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE IT THUNDERS INTO THE JUNGLE



THE TRAIN ROBBERS SEE RUNAWAY

L-LOOK... IT'S THE  
ENGINEER! LET 'IM  
HAVE IT!



AS GUNS BLAST OUT, RUNAWAY  
LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH!



HEY!! HE'S TURNED  
OUT TH' LIGHTS...  
I CAN'T SEE  
HIM!

STRIKE  
A  
MATCH!

THIS AINT NO GOOD...  
NOT ENOUGH  
LIGHT!



THERE'S ENOUGH  
LIGHT FOR  
ME, BUD!

UGH!



I GOT 'IM, BOYS...  
AN' I'M DONNA  
FINISH HIM,  
TOO!

UGH...  
ER-R-E-E-

T-THERE,... TH' LIGHTS  
IS ON AGAIN!!



NOW, WHERE'S THAT GUY...  
I WANT A GOOD  
LOOK...  
W-WHAT TH??



AS THE TRAIN ROBBER LOOKS DOWN AT THE FALLEN FIGURE, HE SEES THAT IT IS ONE OF HIS FELLOW THUGS.

IT'S... IT'S RICKIE, ME BUDDY!



YES... YOU GOT MIXED UP... DIDN'T YOU?



HEARING THE VOICE BEHIND HIM, THE THUG REELS... AND FACING RUNAWAY, DRAWS HIS GUN.

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT... YOU...



NOT SO FAST! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



YES... BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU HAD NEVER SEEN A TRAIN!



LITERALLY MASHED TO A PULP, THE THUG SOON DROPS FROM RUNAWAY'S CRASHING BLOWS!



IF THERE'S A DOCTOR HERE, WOULD YOU MIND LOOKING AT THIS FELLOW THAT WAS SHOT?



HMM... HE WASN'T SHOT... JUST SCARED WELL!!

YOU HELP ME DRAG THESE YEGGS INTO THE CAB? I'VE A SPECIAL PLACE TO PUT THEM!



THERE... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE SOME USE OF THESE CLOTHES HOOKS!



Another EPISODE OF RUNAWAY RONION WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT.

# Edison Bell

## YOUNG INVENTOR





## HERE IS AN "X-RAY" MACHINE YOU CAN MAKE!

**A** MAILING TUBE, A FEW LARGE CORKS, A FEATHER, AND A PIECE OF WIRE ARE ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS WORKING MODEL "X-RAY."

THIS END OPEN

**T**HE WHOLE IDEA LIES IN THE FACT THAT LIGHT IS DIFFUSED WHEN IT PASSES THROUGH THE FEATHER. THE CORKS AND WIRE ARE JUST DECORATIONS.

CUT A PIECE OFF ONE SIDE OF FEATHER

PHANTOM VIEW.

LIGHT

- AND GLUE IT BETWEEN TWO HOLED DISKS.

**P**LACE OPEN END TO EYE AND LOOK AT HAND IN FRONT OF BRIGHT LIGHT - HERE'S WHAT YOU'LL SEE!

# SERGEANT

# SPOOK

SERGEANT SPOOK BLOWN UP IN HIS CHEMICAL LABORATORY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHILE WORKING ON A MURDER CASE, HAS BEEN DEPRIVED OF HIS BODY BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON AND CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME.



IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, WEALTHY PETER DAWN IS STROLLING HOME FROM HIS CLUB. SUDDENLY A SHOT BREAKS THE QUIET OF THE MORNING AND DAWN SLUMPS TO THE PAVEMENT—DEAD.



A WEIRD FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARS, THEN—



—HURRIES AWAY.

GET GOING, GUYS!



LATER THAT DAY—AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

THERE WAS MORNING, CAP. IT A NOTE PIN-HEAR THERE WAS A NED TO HIS MURDER. LAST NIGHT COAT SAY—WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? GUY DIDN'T PAY OFF!—AND IT WAS SIGNED, 'THE DEAD HEAD GANG.'



IT SEEMS PETER DAWN WAS RECEIVING THREATENING NOTES FROM THIS GANG DEMANDING A HUGE SUM OF MONEY OR ELSE BUT HE THOUGHT THEY WERE CRANK NOTES AND NEVER BOTH

ERED ABOUT THEM.



URING THIS CONVERSATION SER-  
GENT SPOOK HAD BEEN LISTEN-  
ING UNSEEN, OF COURSE, BY  
THE TWO COPS.

HMM- I'LL TAKE  
LE THIS CASE.



THE WAY THIS JOB WAS  
PULLED, IT HAS ALL THE  
EAR MARKS OF A WEST  
SIDE GANG. -THINK I'LL GO  
DOWN TO BO'S CHOP HOUSE.  
MAYBE I CAN  
PICK UP  
A CLUE.



OUTSIDE BO'S CHOP HOUSE A GANG-  
TERS HANGOUT.



SPOOK ENTERS, PAUSES AT A  
TABLE AND LISTENS TO THE  
CONVERSATION OF TWO  
TOUGH LOOKING BIRDS.



HMM- I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
YOU BIRDS LATER, I RIGHT.  
NOW I'M LOOKING FOR A  
GANG OF KILLERS.



JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND IN  
WALKS DAPPER DIX, THE SLICKEST THUG  
ON THE WEST SIDE. DIX MAKES HIS WAY  
TOWARD A TABLE IN THE BACK ROOM,  
WHERE-



HE IS JOINED BY TWO OTHER  
THUGS.



SERGEANT SPOOK LISTENS AS  
THEY TALK.



I TOLD HIM IF HE DIDN'T  
KICK IN WITH SO GRAND  
BY TONIGHT, THE DEAD  
HEADS WOULD KILL HIM AND  
HIS FAMILY!



SPOOK DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE  
KILLERS TO THE SPOT WHERE  
THEY'RE TO RECEIVE THE MONEY  
AND CATCH THEM WITH THE  
GOODS.



AS THEY LEAVE  
SPOOK DECIDES  
TO TEACH THE  
TWO SAFE CRACKERS A LESSON.  
AS HE PASSES  
THEIR TABLE  
HE KNOCKS  
DIP SPINNING  
AND THROWS  
THE OTHER  
THUG ACROSS  
THE  
ROOM.



SERGEANT SPOOK RACES TO THE NEXT PIER AND GIVES CHASE IN AN OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT.



SPOOK'S IMAGE FADES AS HE CONCENTRATES ON OVERTAKING THE GANGSTERS AND THE OUTBOARD, SEEMINGLY EMPTY, TEARS ON DOWN THE RIVER.



LOOK, BOSS! THAT OUTBOARD SEEMED TO BE FOLLOWIN' US!



ON AND ON THE TWO BOATS RACE DOWNSTREAM, WITH THE OUTBOARD QUICKLY GAINING ON THE GANGSTERS.



IT'S GETTING CLOSER, BOSS! FIRE AT IT! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE STEERING IT!



FIRE AWAY, BOYS! I'M NOT ABLE TO STOP BULLETS ANY MORE!



SERGEANT SPOOK LEAPS ABOARD THE GANGSTERS' BOAT, AND THE OUTBOARD RACES ON BY, EMPTY.



WELL ILL BE— THAT BOAT IS EMPTY!



SPOOK SLAMS GYP IN THE FACE, KNOCKING OFF HIS MASK.



GYP THINKS HIS PAL, PUNCHY, DID IT, AND HITS HIM A CLIP ON THE JAW.

I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF FOOLIN'!



DAPPER STARTS TO SMACK GYP WHEN—

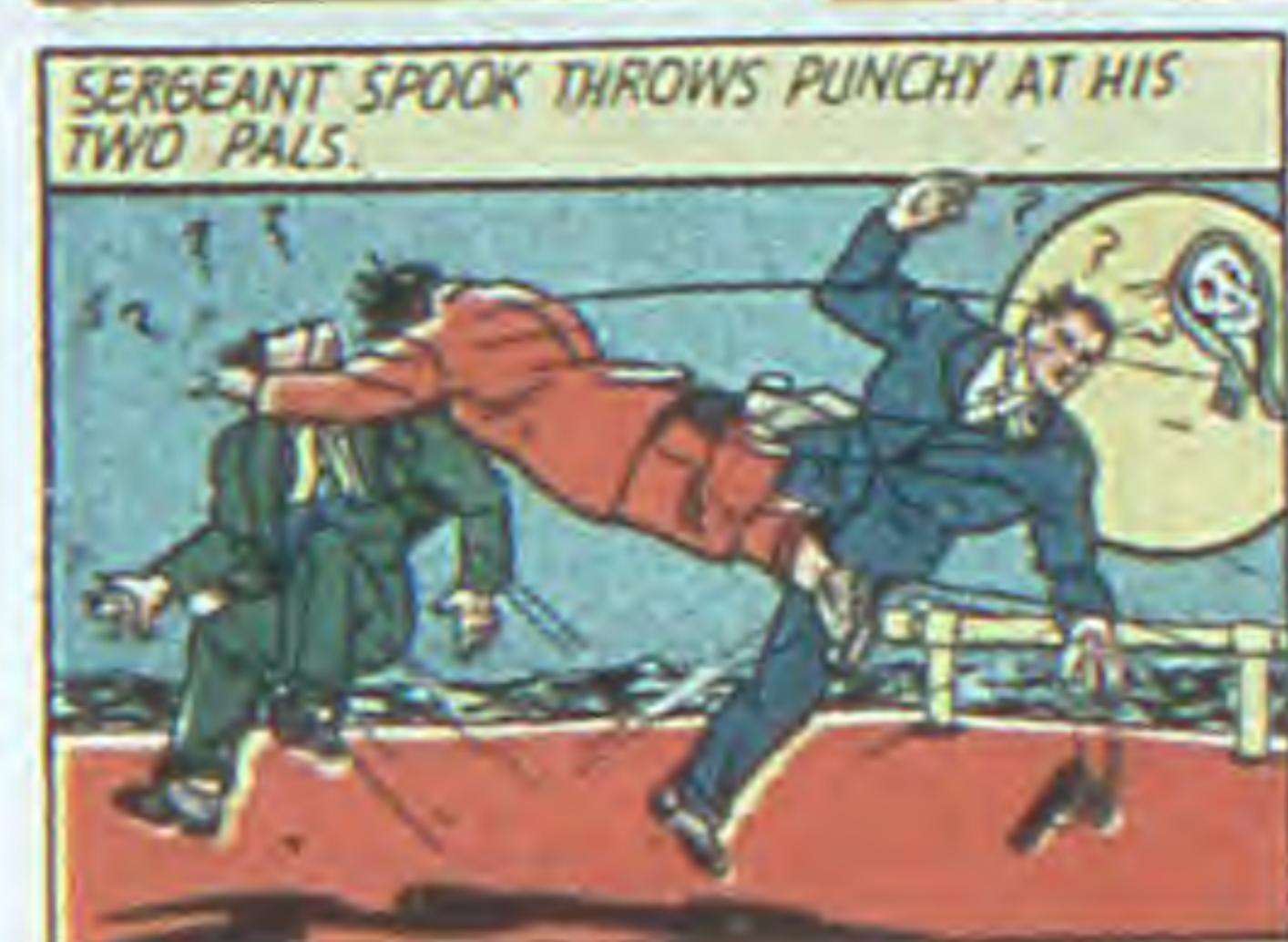
WHAT TH— WHAT HIT YOU GYP?



DAPPER AND GYP DRAW THEIR GUNS—

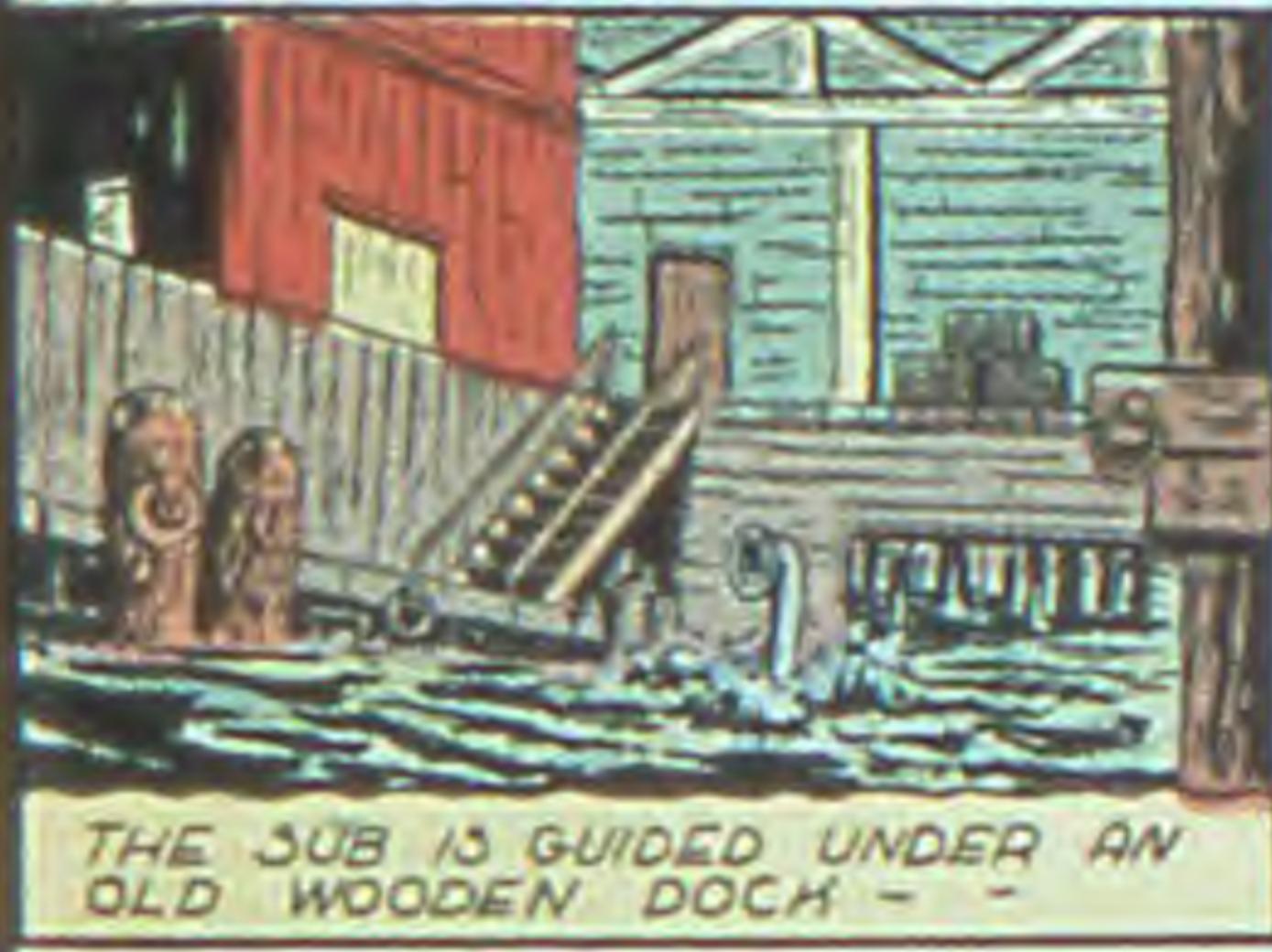
THERE'S SOME— COME ON, THING SCREWY SHOW ABOUT THIS, YOURSELF-BOAT, BOSS! (WHATEVER YOU ARE)







INVOLUNTARY OUTLAWS ON THE HIGH SEAS - THE CREW OF THE PHANTOM SUB HAVE RESOLVED TO DEDICATE THEMSELVES AND THEIR MARVELOUS INVENTION TO THE GOOD OF THE WORLD - - BUT NOW - NEEDING SUPPLIES, THEY PUT INTO A SMALL PORT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.



THE SUB IS GUIDED UNDER AN OLD WOODEN DOCK - -



YOU STAND GUARD,  
SLIM, WHILE WE  
GET THE  
SUPPLIES.

OKAY, JACK -  
I GUESS I CAN  
HANDLE ANY  
SNOOPERS.



ALL OKAY, JACK,  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
A SOUL.

GOOD! WE'LL  
BE ALL READY  
TO GO SOON.



SEEING A  
LIGHT IN  
A NEARBY  
WAREHOUSE,  
SLIM GOES  
TO TAKE  
A LOOK -  
HE DOESN'T  
KNOW THAT  
A DIM  
FIGURE IS  
WATCHING  
HIS EVERY  
MOVE -



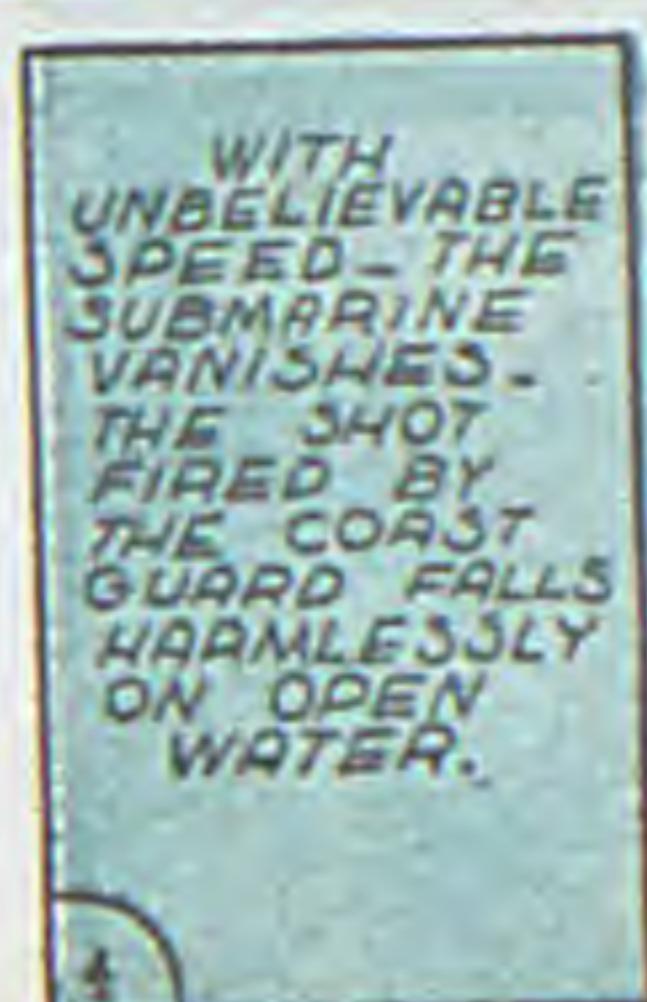
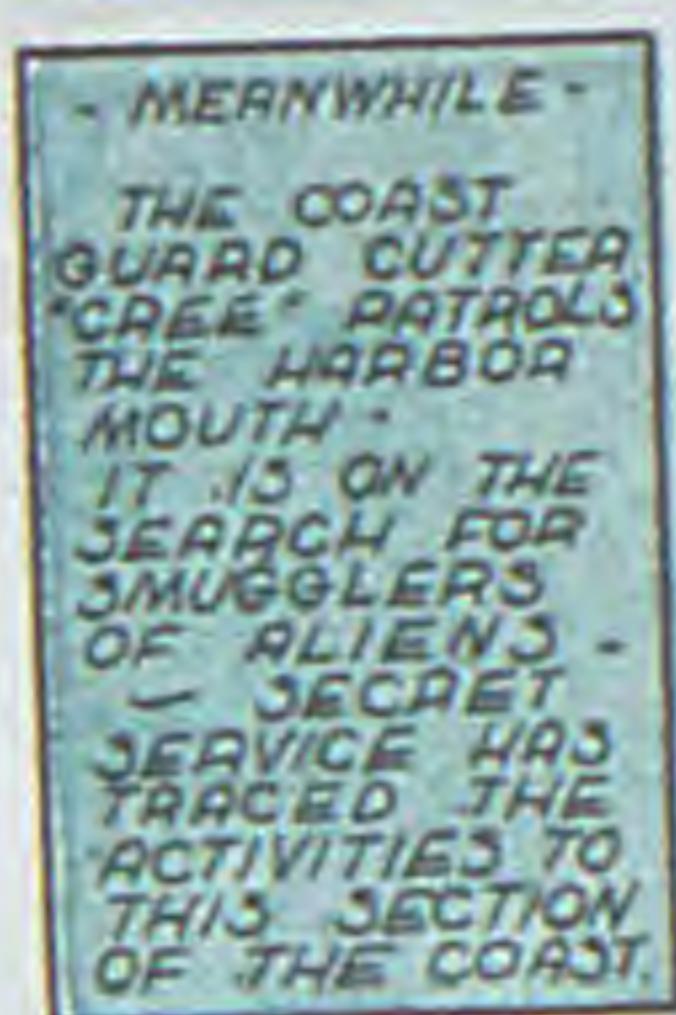
1 IN A SHORT TIME JACK  
AND THE CREW RETURN.



ENTERING THE HALLWAY THEY SEE THAT THE LIGHT ISSUES THRU A TRANSDOM. HEARING THE SOUND OF VOICES, THEY DARG SOME EMPTY CASES UP, SO THAT THEY MAY OBTAIN A VIEW INTO THE ROOM -







RADIO THE HOME BASE - TELL THEM WE'VE SIGHTED THE SMUGGLERS - BELIEVED TO BE THE PHANTOM SUB!

AYE-AYE, SIR!

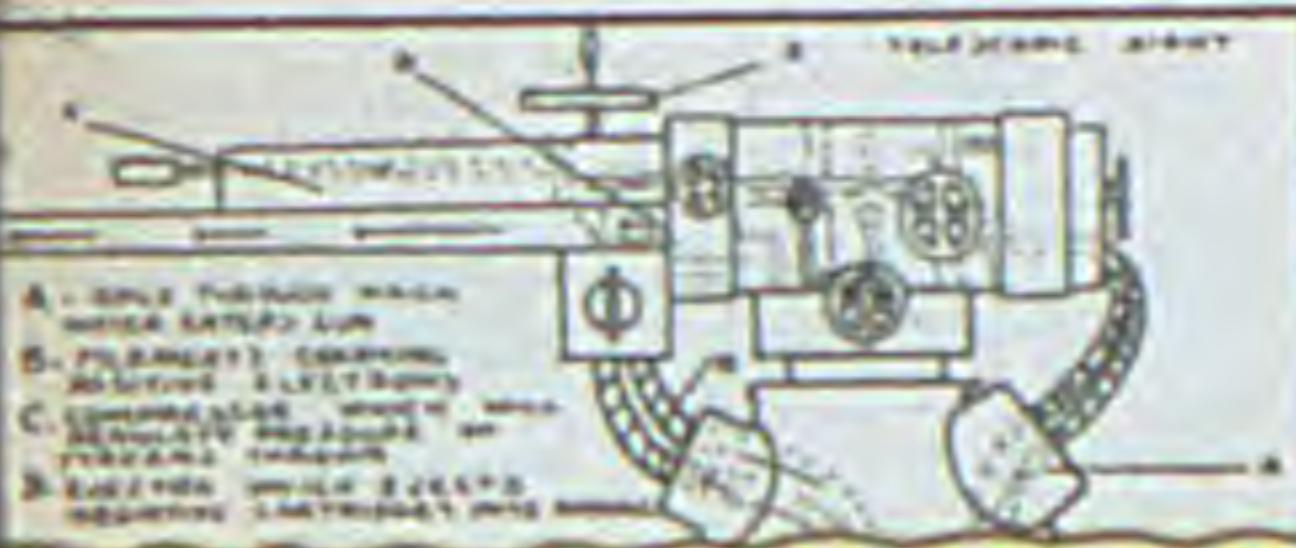
SO WE'RE SMUGGLERS NOW, ARE WE? I GUESS WE GET BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING THAT GOES WRONG AT SEA!

ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB THEY HEAR THE CUTTER'S MESSAGE.

THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THE PHANTOM SUB IN A NARROW INLET IN WINDY ISLAND.

I WONDER WHAT THAT SMOKE IS?

THE CREW IS BUSY INSTALLING ON THE DECK A GUN OF THEIR OWN INGENIOUS INVENTION.



USING WATER AS A POWER - THIS GUN HAS MANY AMAZING PROPERTIES: - 1- IT MAY EJECT A FINE SPRAY INTO THE AIR, CREATING A FOG-LIKE SCREEN; 2- IT SHOOTS STREAMS OF WATER - WHICH, UNDER TERRIFIC

PRESSURE TO THE CUBIC INCH, ARE DANGEROUS PROJECTILES; 3- THE STREAM OF WATER THROWN MAY BE CHARGED WITH POSITIVE ELECTRONS, AND CARRY WITH IT A SEALED GLASS CONTAINER FILLED WITH NEGATIVE ELECTRONS. UPON STRIKING THE OBJECT AIMED AT, THE GLASS IS SHATTERED. - THIS THROWS THE ELECTRONS TOGETHER AND A TERRIFIC SHOCK IS THE RESULT - THE INTENSITY OF THE SHOCK CAN BE CONTROLLED.

SLIM AND I ARE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THAT SMOKE RISING OVER THE ISLAND.

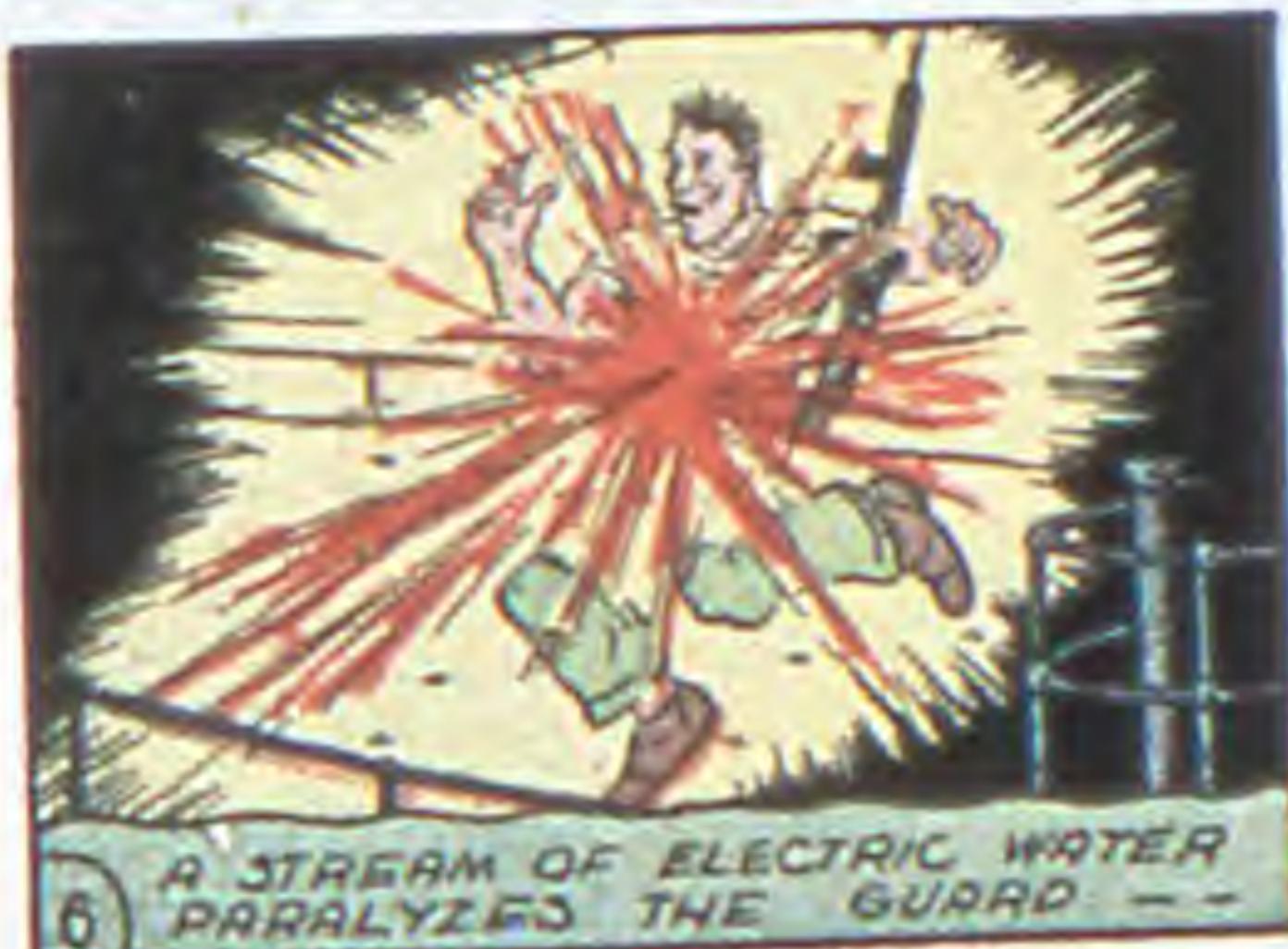
OKAY, JACK, WE'LL HAVE THE GUN INSTALLED WHEN YOU RETURN.

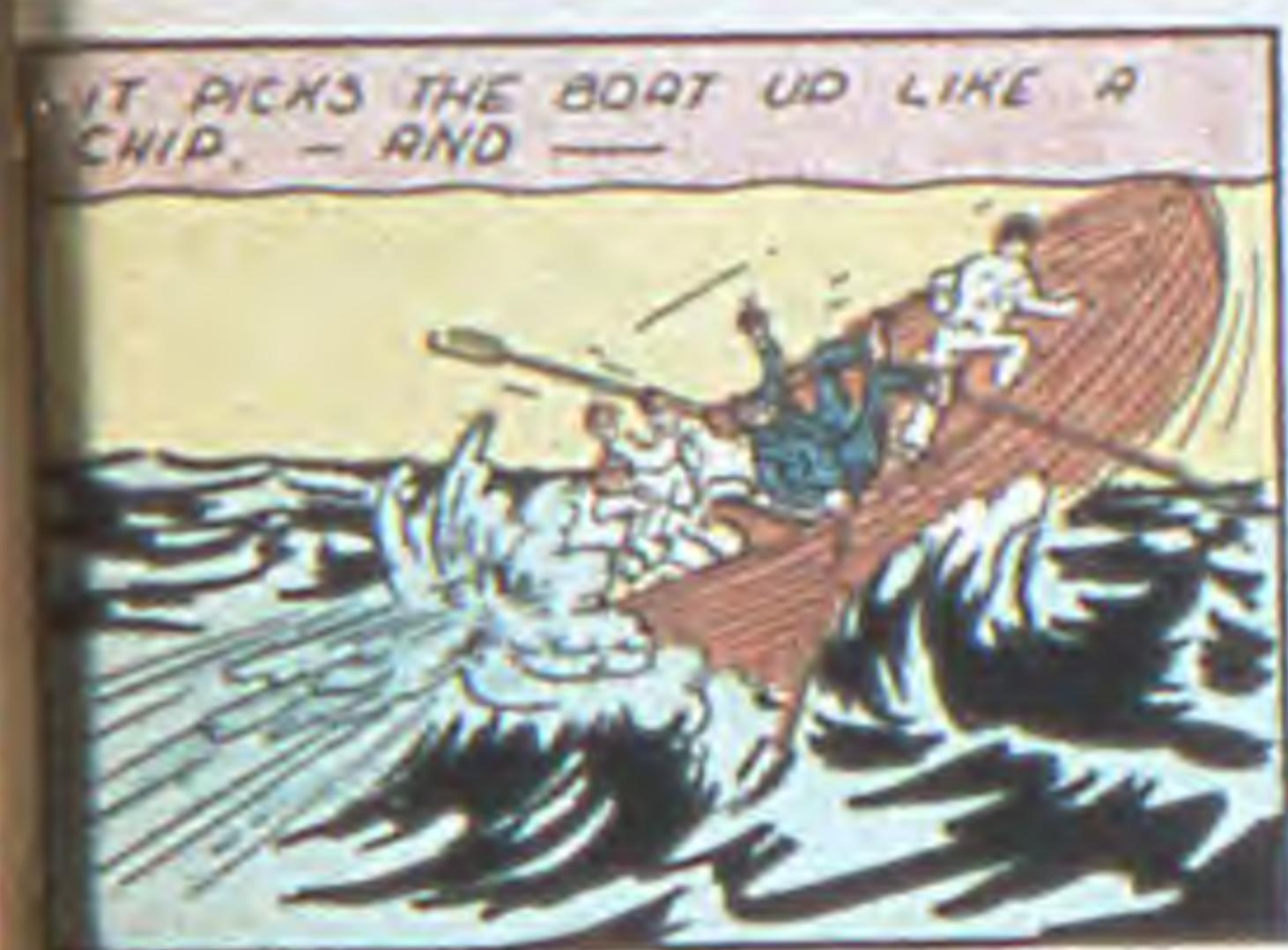
WOW! WHAT A LAYOUT!

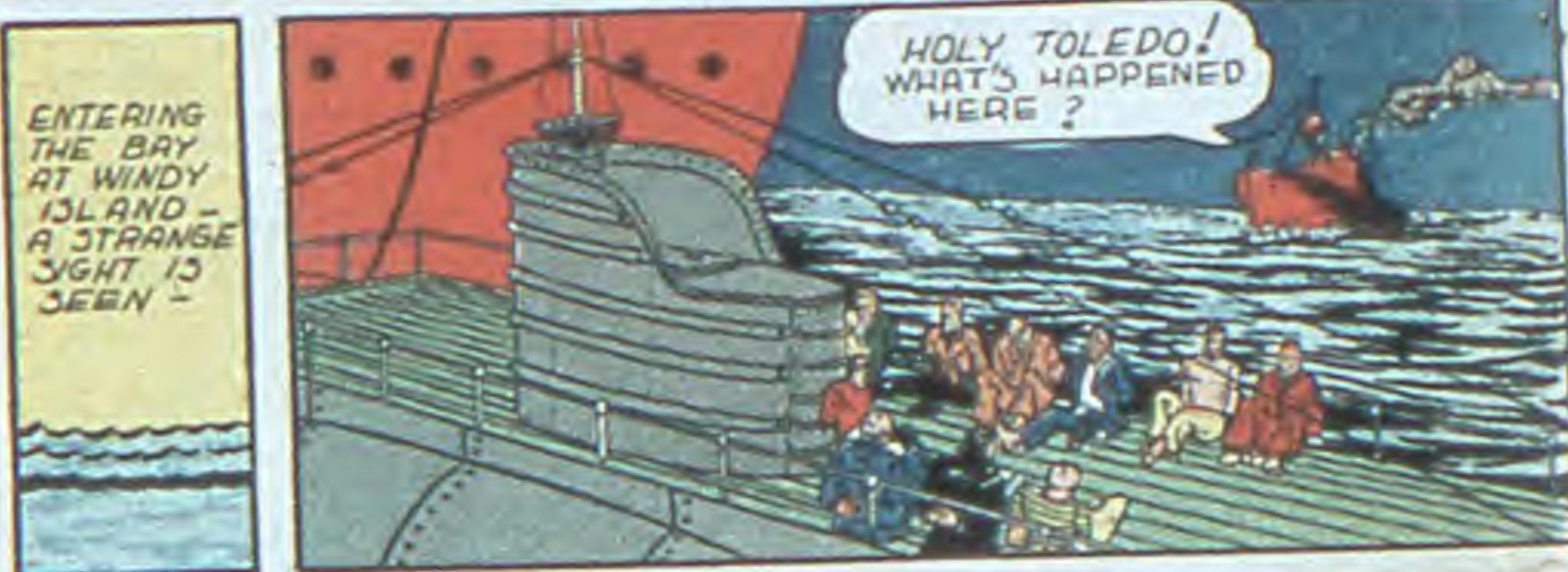
REACHING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - THEY SEE -



IN THE MEANTIME - THE SMUGGLERS HAVE THEIR ILLEGAL CARGO OF ALIENS ALL SECURE IN THEIR SUB - THEY LEAVE FOR THE SHORE IN SMALL BOATS -







BOYS! \$ \$ WIN \$ \$ GIRLS!

# 25 CASH PRIZES

JUST WRITE A LETTER AND TELL US WHY YOU LIKE "BLUE BOLT"



**TWENTY FIVE CASH PRIZES IN ALL!**

**FOR WINNING LETTERS**

1st Prize . . . . .	\$10.00
2nd Prize . . . . .	\$5.00
3rd-5th Prizes . . .	\$3.00
6th-8th Prizes . . .	\$2.50
9th-14th Prizes . . .	\$2.00
15th-25th Prizes . .	\$1.00

This is the second issue of **BLUE BOLT**, a companion cartoon-strip magazine to **TARGET**, and we want you to help us make **BLUE BOLT** one of the best magazines on the market.

We are giving twenty-five (25) Cash Prizes to the boys or girls sending in the twenty-five best letters telling us why they like **BLUE BOLT** magazine, together with the coupon at the bottom of this page properly filled out.

First Prize of \$10.00 will go to the boy or girl sending in the best letter, the second prize of \$5.00 will go to the next best letter, and so on until all of the twenty-five prizes are awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No letter will be returned, and all letters will become the property of **BLUE BOLT** magazine. The judges' decision will be final. Print your name and address clearly on the letter, and on the coupon. Mail your letter and coupon to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. Get busy now—and win some vacation money! Winners will be announced in an early issue—and you may be one of the lucky boys or girls.

### I LIKE THESE **BLUE BOLT** FEATURES BEST:

I have read EACH feature listed below, and have placed a check mark in the square alongside of the three features I like the best in the magazine. I am also writing a letter telling why I read **BLUE BOLT** magazine, and what I'd like to see in the next issues.

- FANTOM SUB
- DICK COLE
- PAGE FARES, AIR HOSTESS
- SUB-ZERO MAN
- SERGEANT SPOOK

- CAPTAIN HAWKINS' TALE
- WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE
- PONY TRACKS
- ANIMATION

- EDISON BELL
- 'RUNAWAY' BONSON
- BLUE BOLT
- SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH (Fiction Story)

(Check three features only. Then write your letter about those three.)

PRINT  
YOUR  
NAME  
CLEARLY  
NAME  
TOWN

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send this coupon, with your letter, to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. The sooner the better. You may win one of the many prizes!

# START YOUR TREASURE CHEST NOW!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!



Have fun and save by buying through **TREASURE HOUSE**. All items are guaranteed to be of first quality and will reach you in good order, otherwise we'll refund your money. The prizes are **REAL BARGAINS** and shipments will be made to you without delay. Make your friends envious! Start your treasure house now by buying quality merchandise at the right price from **TREASURE HOUSE**



**CAMP KNIFE  
AND SHEATH**  
MO-101 **75¢**

Blade about 5" long from guard to point, tempered carbon steel, keen cutting edge. Handle 3 1/4" long made of bone securely fastened to steel handle with brass rivets. Sheath heavy top grain leather — saddle tan color. Securely sewn and riveted. Safety snap loop for handle to prevent loss.



**REARWIN SPEEDSTER WITH  
MOLDED FUSELAGE**

**MO-111 25¢**

This is a model airplane construction set which when made up is a replica of the famous Rearwin Speedster. The molded fuselage makes model building easier and makes a much nicer finished ship.



**JOE DI MAGGIO  
SWEAT SHIRT  
AND CAP**

**MO-112 \$1.00**

Hey, fellers, you'll want to see Joe Di Maggio outfit in his picture on cap and shirt. It's the real thing and will make your pals eyes pop with envy. Shirt sizes 6 to 14 years; cap 6 1/2 to 7. Be sure to state your size when ordering.



**FIELDER'S  
GLOVE**  
MO-105 **1.25**

Made of genuine top-grain horsehide; formed pocket; palm lined with soft leather; adjustable wrist strap.



**LITTLE MASTER  
PRINTING PRESS** MO-108 **\$1.00**

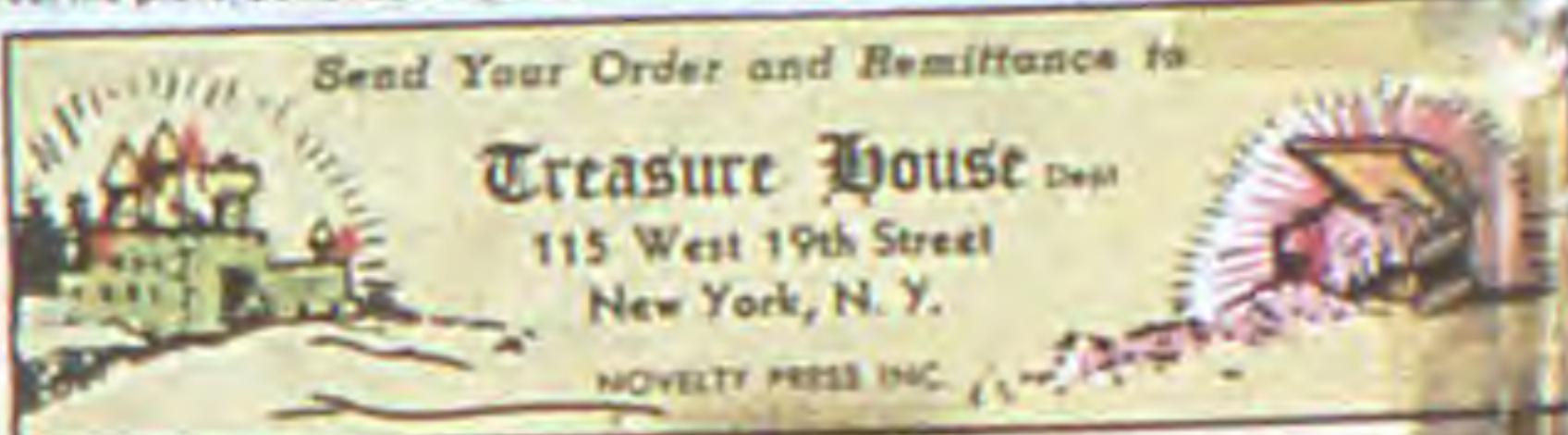
Constructed of steel in 3 color finish. Fully equipped with: Automatic inker, Steel ink plate, Solid rubber roller.

Font of 12 point metal type. Ink and Brush, Paper and instructions. Easy to set — simple to operate. Weight approx. 2 1/2 pounds.



**UNIVEX  
CAMERA** MO-103 **40¢**

Black molded plastic camera about 3 1/2" x 2 1/2" x 2 1/2" deep. Takes pictures 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" which can be easily enlarged to any size up to 5 x 7.



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